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RECOLLECTIONS

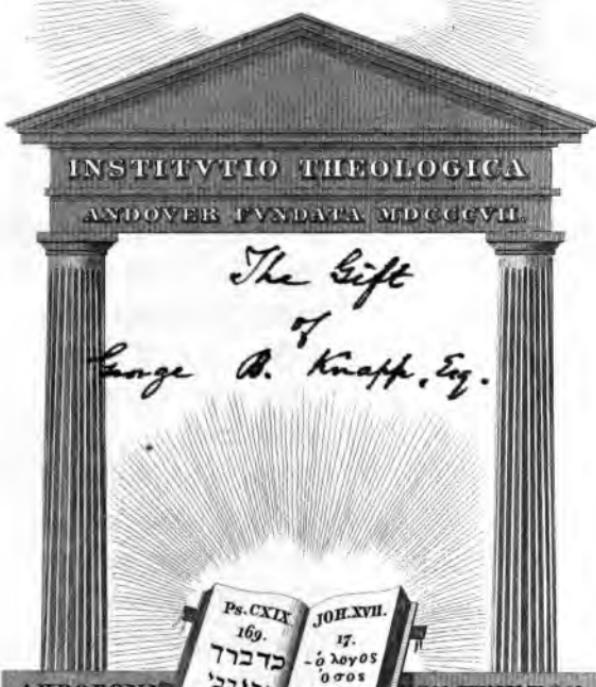


OF AN OCTOGENARIAN

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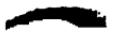
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RECOLLECTIONS OF AN
OCTOGENARIAN

BY
HENRY HILL

BOSTON
D. LOTHROP AND COMPANY
FRANKLIN STREET

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of
George B. Knafel, Esq.

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ured that of the American Board, for he was fifteen years of age when the Board was organized. Beginning life as a business man, traveling on business to Europe and South America, serving for a time as United States consul at Valparaiso, he gave up the most flattering worldly prospects to accept, in 1822, the treasurership of the American Board, succeeding Jeremiah Evarts in that office. He resigned this position in 1854, after thirty-two years of self-denying and devoted service. Subsequently and for eleven years he served upon the Prudential Committee. With faculties wonderfully preserved during his old age, he maintained to the last his deep interest in the foreign missionary work to which he gave so much strength and time in the prime of his life. He died full of years, greatly respected and beloved.

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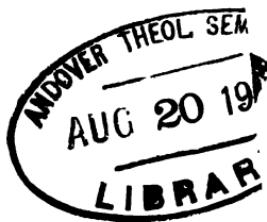
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all parties accused the author and publisher of the translation to English. Pundits prosecuted the author and publisher of the translation to English. But it now turns out, to the surprise of both parties, that the vernacular translation was a correct representation of Mahidara's original. That this was not known before is said to be due to the fact of their ignorance of Sanskrit. To the confusion of both parties it now appears that this work, which is condemned by the courts as corrupt and undeniably immoral and as such unfit for publication, is nevertheless a genuine and constituent part of the Veda. Both the conservatives and the reformers among the Hindus are therefore in sore straits as to what to do, the latter being unable longer to claim that the original Hinduism was pure, or that the evils which confessedly are now connected with the system are due to the corruptions of modern times. The "sacred books" themselves are bad.

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P R E F A C E.

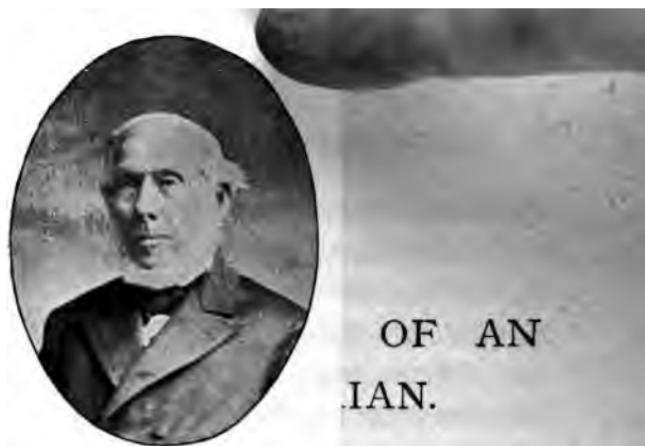
Of these sketches, Numbers I. to VI. were prepared at the request of the Editors of the *Catskill Recorder*. The others, with the exception of Number XXVII., were occasioned by a daughter's request for reminiscences of my early years. They appeared in newspapers at different times, and are now brought together in this form chiefly in order that copies may be furnished for a few friends.



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HENRY HILL.

OF AN
IAN.

CATSKILL.

1795-99.

IN accordance with your wishes, I will furnish you with some Catskill reminiscences, extending as far back as 1796; but they are so interwoven with my own experience before I was fifteen, that I can hardly expect more than that a few friends may be somewhat interested in these juvenile, and, at the same time, antiquated records. You may wonder how it happens that my journal has so many leaves, and I will explain:

Long ago, my daughter asked for some

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incidents of my early years, and this led my thoughts to dwell more than before on that part of my life, and I enlarged my journal. It was to me an impressive thought, that these early years are linked to the future, and can never cease to be the commencement of an existence never to end. In this view, it is not strange that every one should take a deeper interest in his own history than in that of any one else.

Doctor Bushnell says that "Every man's life is a plan of God. * * * God has a particular care for every man; a personal interest in him and a sympathy with him. * * * Christ holds a particular relation to individual persons."

Doctor Arnot wrote: "I intend to write a memoir of my own life, and I have a few things to say by way of preface. I am not deterred from carrying my design into effect by the fear of being or seeming egotistical. By writing an account of my own life, I do not

pronounce upon its comparative importance. My life may be unimportant, comparatively, or absolutely; but a faithful record of facts is never unimportant. From the fact of writing this history, therefore, I am to be held as having formed a high opinion, not of myself, but of the value of truthful and life-like records of a living man, whether he in his lifetime were great or small. * * * I may, perhaps, not always speak of God's hand even when narrating an event in which his hand is manifestly displayed; but I desire from first to last to trace every gift up to his free mercy, and to turn every event to his praise."

Although I was born in Newburgh (January 10th, 1795), our family removed to Catskill about a year afterwards. My father and his brother Hiland built houses side by side, on what is now Hill street, their gardens extending to the shipyard, and that reaching down to the creek. Their land

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was bounded on the north by that of Judge Abeel, who was a good neighbor. He cultivated his large field, which extended to Bridge street, and he had a small tannery near the creek.

The Hills engaged in ship-building, and had a store in connection with Captain Thomas Hale, the firm being Hill, Hale & Hill. They built there and elsewhere about two hundred vessels, ships, brigs, schooners, sloops, pilot-boats and yachts.

For some years the Baptists had no meeting-house nor minister, and their meetings were held in my uncle's house, which was the home of the elders who came to preach. Immersions were in the creek, and were not delayed by wintry weather nor thick ice. Men more meek and faultless than Captain Hale and my uncle, it would be difficult to find. The captain and my parents belonged to what was then a Congregational, but is now the Presbyterian Church.

II.—CATSKILL.

1799–1800.

IN 1799 Mrs. Ball had a school for small children in the Brockway House. I was in my fifth year. Some of my playmates went, and as I wished to be with them I was permitted to go. All that I remember of that school is that Mrs. Ball pointed with her scissors to the letters when teaching the alphabet, and once she put a basket of cotton on the floor and allowed some of us to amuse ourselves in picking it. This may have been to keep us out of mischief, or from taking a nap. Colonel Hale's wharf was not far distant, and one day when I was there, in trying to get an apple that was floating in the water, I fell in, and was mercifully rescued

by James Taylor. This ended my connection with Mrs. Ball's school, my parents not judging it safe for me to wander so far from home.

Washington died December 14th, 1799, but I then knew nothing of this event; and I had not heard of Napoleon or Josephine; of Talleyrand or Madame de Staël; of the battle of Lodi or Rivoli; nor of Nelson or the battle of the Nile.

I learned out of school something in the way of pronunciation. We had for awhile in our family an Englishman, John Love by name, who had some duties to perform in the stable, and he would say to me, "Come, 'arry, get your 'at, and we'll go and see the 'orses." He spoke also about "going up to 'udson on the h'ice."

For five or six years I attended school in the large room on the first floor of the old court house, on the hill near the jail. David Perry, Tertius Strong and Ashuel Strong

were among the teachers. Writing-books were then made at home, and were ruled with plummets, also of home manufacture. For pens we relied entirely upon the goose-quill and sharp penknives.

In March, 1800, a sad event occurred. Early one morning, I was with my cousin Temperance, three years older than I, at the shipyard. There was a great freshet, the water coming up nearly to the top of the wharf. An eddy, almost a whirlpool, was formed at an angle of the wharf, and we threw in chips and pieces of bark to see them whirl round and round. All at once I saw her hair whirling in the turbid flood, which in an instant engulfed her, and she was gone. In reaching out she must have lost her foothold and slipped into the water. I was stunned, overwhelmed, almost beside myself. I knew not what to do. I went home to breakfast. I wanted to tell what had happened, but I could not speak. I

tried in vain. My feelings were indescribable. I went to school; and in an hour or two some one came in to say that "Tempy"—so she was called—could not be found, and it was feared she was drowned. I said she was, and that I was with her when she fell in. And then I was able to tell all I knew. I was at that time five years old. Nearly eighty-four years have passed since then, but the scene is fresh in my recollection.

III.—CATSKILL.

1800-03.

IN 1802 the new draw-bridge was nearly completed. This was a great work, and so was the causeway, or long wharf, connecting The Point with the island, or Bompie's Hook, afterwards the steamboat landing.

In the summer of that year the sloop *Mason's Daughter* made a trip to Boston, and my mother and I accompanied my father, who was part owner of the vessel and cargo. On the way we touched at Providence and Falmouth. The Sound gave me some idea of the ocean. Hell Gate and Gay Head were novelties to me, and so also the fishing for mackerel by throwing lines over the

stern when sailing with a brisk breeze. In those days there was quite a trade in New England productions, brought by numerous small vessels, which found their way to our wharves.

At one time there was something of a panic in regard to the small-pox, and I was among the children who were inoculated. Owing to the fears of some of the neighbors, Doctor Croswell advised my father to take me out of the village for a short time, and Captain Isaac Van Loan kindly took my mother and me into his family. He then lived on the Athens road, some distance beyond Alexander Thompson's.

In July, 1803, Doctor Porter came to Catskill. He was then forty-one. His salary being small, he taught school for a while and I began to study Latin with William Graham, Addison Porter, John Hardenburgh and one or two others.

Colonel Hale, a distinguished and excel-

lent man, died of yellow fever, and there were other cases, causing great alarm. People were fleeing from New York, which was almost deserted. My father had a note to pay there, and the only way to transmit funds was to convey them in his yacht. He took me with him, and also Jesse Brush and Beman Brockway, at their urgent request, landing them on Long Island. On our way back we were gratified by an unusual sight. We were sailing in company with several vessels, having a fresh southerly breeze, and saw quite a number coming towards us with a strong north wind. For a time it seemed doubtful which wind would prevail, but before the vessels met, the south wind gave way and we, who had been sailing with a fair wind, had to beat.

In regard to newspapers, *The Catskill Packet* was commenced in August, 1792, and the name was changed to the *Catskill Packet and Western Mail*, in May, 1795.

In May, 1800, it was the *Western Constellation*; and in May, 1804, it took its present name, *The Catskill Recorder*, Mackay Crosswell being editor. A few years after this *The American Eagle* was started, but soon after spreading its wings it fluttered and fell. For a short period Doctor Porter published a small weekly religious gazette, *The Evidence*.

Every year there was a great military display. Jared Stocking had command of the artillery, Captain Lacy had a company, Major Jacob Haight was always prominent among the officers, Mr. Mitchell did the fiving, and David Hamlin was the drummer. Troops came in from the surrounding towns, and on the hill, near Doctor Porter's, all were reviewed by the stately General Samuel Haight, accompanied by three or four of the magnates of the village and the old German Doctor Krouse, with his rusty sword at his side.

The Masonic brethren in their parades and marching made an imposing appearance. The lodge met in the chamber of Mrs. Ogden's tavern, but as James Cole stood at the door with a drawn sword, we boys could never ascertain what took place within.

The launchings at the shipyard attracted many spectators. As the vessel glided into the water, the man at the bow announced the name, and smashed a bottle over the stem.

IV.—CATSKILL.

1803-09.

Lombardy poplars were introduced by Doctor Benton, who sold a great many to be set out in front of the houses. At first they were beautiful, but growing old they became unsightly and harbored worms, so that many fell under the woodman's axe.

I think it was in 1804 that Nathan Elliott succeeded Doctor Porter as teacher, and that in 1805 Joseph Wyman took charge of the school, continuing to teach till 1807. About that time my cousin Hiland, who had been clerk in New York, opened a store in Catskill, and I was his clerk for a short time when he removed to Madison (now Leeds).

In the north part of the village were the stores of General Samuel Haight, Andrew Brosnahan, Jacob Klein, Major Hawley, Orrin Day, Benjamin Haxton, and John W. Strong. When Doctor Porter built his house beyond that occupied successively by Jesse Brush, William Brown, and Amos Cornwall, it seemed as if he had gone quite out of the village. Looking from his house east to the river, and south to the Point, no building was in sight; and at the top of the hill the old court house and jail, and Olcott's dwelling-house and rope walk stood alone. Across the creek were the houses of Major Cantine, Doctor Benton, and Peter DuBois. South from the shipyard stood that celebrated edifice, the Stone Jug, and large storehouses on the wharves. In, or near the lower part of Main street, were Judge Day, Lyman Hall, Joseph Graham and Tertullus Luddington, with their stores, the Widow Oggden and her tavern, Caleb Street and his

boarding-house, Barzillai Worth and his bakery, Peter Breasted's first paint store, and the families of Captains Taylor, Butler, and Dunham, Mackay Croswell, John Doane, and Beman Brockway. Afterwards Ira Day lived there, and his sloops *Commodore* and *Admiral*, carried to New York the flour brought from his mills in Leeds.

The battle of Trafalgar, October 21st, 1805, in which Nelson lost his life, was more deeply impressed upon me, as my father gave me a large picture of that great naval engagement.

I never knew of but one instance in which a sturgeon, darting out of the water, plunged into a boat. This was when I was sailing in a yawl with John Day. The wind and waves were high, and the huge fish in his floundering came near to upsetting our boat. But we gained the shore near Hallenbeck's, and a man with a knife did the needful for us. Our sturgeon served as

ballast in our afternoon's sail, and we then sold him for half a dollar.

On the seventh of August, 1807, the steam-boat *Clermont* left New York for Albany, on the first steamboat trip ever made up the Hudson. The time afterwards for leaving New York, was five in the afternoon, and the boat usually passed Catskill in the second night, reaching Albany in the following forenoon, having been about forty hours on the way.

There was an academy on what is now Thomson street, but the only teacher I recollect was the Rev. Mr. Reed of the Episcopal Church. The village schoolhouse was completed in 1808, and Harvey Loomis was the first teacher. Calvin Bushnell taught in 1809. I was in my second year of fitting for college, and just then my father commenced business in New York, and at the earnest solicitation of his partner, I became clerk in the store of Hill & Smith, 100

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Wall street, New York, in November, 1809. I was then nearly fifteen, and to me this was an entirely new departure. My home was no longer where all my interests had centred.

V.—CATSKILL, NEW YORK.

1809-12.

IT seemed to me that I had lived in Catskill almost a lifetime; yet the period was only fourteen years, and of the first three of these I had no recollection. In leaving my almost native village it was quite natural to cast a “longing, lingering look behind,” and in the retrospect how many incidents, localities, individuals, and families came to mind. I thought of the old court house, where Doctor Porter preached, and where I had seen upon the bench Judges Ambrose Spencer, Smith Thompson, the VanNesses, and Chancellor Kent, and where I had heard Elisha Williams and other able lawyers address juries, ’Squire Bill meanwhile doing duty as

clerk of the court. I thought of the six judges, Abeel, Day, Cooke, Benton, Cantine, and Scott ; of the ministers, Labagh, Porter, Reed, Prentiss ; of the two members of Congress, Cooke and Grosvenor ; of the lawyers, Pinckney, Dorlon, Adams, Van Orden, Powers ; and the sheriff and jailer, Peter Osterhout, whose obesity and ponderosity were fearful. Then there was Ira Day, one of the merchant princes, and his brother Orrin, the sagacious financier, among other men of mark and enterprise. And how many ladies, old and young, remarkable for culture, intelligence, and excellence ! And the scenery, the river and the creek, the Point, and John DuBois's, the Diamond Hill, and old Hop-o'-Nose ; the view from Jefferson Hill, and in the distance at the west, Kiskatom and the wonderful mountain range, those "everlasting hills" in all their glory !

I had had my share in playing marbles, in

the trundling of hoops and flying of kites, in swimming and fishing, in sliding and skating, in riding and gunning, in ball-playing and boat-sailing ; and I took leave of sled and skates, and of gun and boat, without regret, looking forward with pleasant anticipations to my new home and new employment.

Three times I fell into the water before I could swim, and in one of these cases my father, who was a good swimmer, jumped in and caught me as I was sinking. Once I fell overboard from a boat when John Day and I were sailing, and once when, with William Graham, and the wind blowing furiously, our boat partly upset and filled with water and sunk. But then, although in danger, we had learned to swim and escaped unharmed. It surely becomes me to say :

“The life which Thou has made Thy care,
Lord, I devote to Thee.”

In January, 1812, my mother died suddenly, of apoplexy. There were several sudden deaths in the vicinity, attributed in part to the exceedingly cold weather of that season. The deep snow prevented the remains from being taken up to the Presbyterian church, and the services were in the Episcopal church, Doctor Porter preaching the sermon. The intense cold continued, and a number were frost-bitten while in the cemetery.

When I was about eight years old my mother gave me a new, bright twenty-five cent piece, asking me how long I could keep it. This is a very small affair, but I am glad that I still retain the coin. It is now seventy-one years since she died. I congratulate any one who ever had a better mother.

VI.—NEW YORK.

1812 AND LATER.

LOOKING back from later years, I find that of my nine teachers in Catskill five or six became ministers of the Gospel. One of them, the Rev. Harvey Loomis, was the first pastor of the first Congregational Church in Bangor, Me., and was greatly beloved by his people and many others. The first Sabbath in 1825 his text was, "This year thou shalt die." Soon after commencing the exercises, he was taken ill and died in the pulpit. Joseph Wyman was a capable teacher, and his penmanship was almost inimitable. He was sedate, but he went too often to the tavern, and he and his wife became vagabonds.

One of my schoolmates, John De Witt, was a minister in Albany, a D. D., and professor in New Brunswick. Another, Samuel L. Penfield, was from his youth up among the most exemplary.

I knew Jacob Van Vetchen when he was in college, and afterwards as a useful, excellent minister. Apollos Cooke I knew first as clerk and then partner of Thomas B., his brother. The first time I saw Martin Van Buren, he was crossing the bridge to visit his brother-in-law, Major Cantine.

Two of the Catskill boys, Edwin Crosswell and Thurlow Weed, became distinguished editors in Albany, and men of great influence. Mr. Weed still lives,* and I always think of him with respect, esteem and affection. He is too widely known to need heralding. Some one describing Henry Clay's features said, "as for his mouth, that can speak for itself." Mr. Weed can speak

* Mr. Weed died November 22, 1822.

and write for himself, and for others; and I trust that in the evening of life he will add to his other good works that of preparing a sketch of his "Life and Times."

My feelings toward Catskill are such as I have never had for any other locality. It often occurred to me that my last days might be passed there, and in this connection I purchased some building lots near Doctor Porter's; the Bronson House, one of the nearest to the house of my childhood, and the Brockway house, where I first went to school. I have now no real estate, but my ownership in the fine views and the unsurpass'd scenery continues.

I began to hear Doctor Porter preach before I was nine years old, and I distinctly recollect his sermons from these texts: "And Saul became David's enemy continually;" "But there was none like unto Ahab, which did sell himself to work wickedness in the sight of the Lord, whom Jezebel, his

wife, stirred up ;" "But Solomon built him an house." After a brief and graphic description of Saul or David, of Ahab, Jezebel, or Solomon, which could not fail to interest children, he would bring out some weighty truth with power. I think that to many children the great truths of the Bible appear as they do in after life. What were mysteries to me at an early age are so still. It is a great mistake to believe only what we can comprehend or explain. How little we know of our souls, and of their union with our bodies ; and what more difficult to comprehend than that God never had a beginning, and that our existence is never to end?

Doctor Porter's influence over individuals was wonderful. Meeting me one day in the street, he stopped, and taking me by the hand, said : " Well, you are going to New York ; I take a deep interest in you ; hope you'll do well." Those words gushing from

his large heart, and uttered with his peculiar emphasis, with a benignant and animated expression, and a cordial grasp, made a lasting impression. How often the thought came over me: "Doctor Porter hopes I will do well. Shall I disappoint him?"

Doctor Croswell, the postmaster appointed by Washington, was the beau-ideal of a popular village physician, beloved by everybody. When I was a little boy I thought it almost worth while to be a little sick, in order to have a visit from him. From his capacious pockets he would draw a primer, and sugar-plums, and trot me on his knee, and sing and whistle, and tell a story, and make all the house buoyant and jubilant. And all in fifteen or twenty minutes.

When I think of Doctor Porter, the able minister; of Doctor Croswell, the skilful, fascinating physician; of Sheriff Osterhout, the largest and heaviest man I ever saw; of John Wareham Strong, the handsomest

man I ever looked upon; of the beautiful faces among the ladies and children; of the two editors who made their mark in Albany, and of celebrities, localities, and events which come to my recollection, it seems to me that Catskill, as I knew it, was an uncommon village.

My mother's death, although at the time it seemed to me the greatest calamity, was, I think, beneficial to me spiritually. In the same year I joined the Cedar Street Presbyterian Church of New York, of which Doctor Romeyn was pastor.

In these papers I fear that I have indulged too much in what is personal to myself, and I am reminded of a remark of our friend Thurlow Weed, that "old men are pretty sure to be prolix, if not prosy."

VII.—A FORTNIGHT IN NEW JERSEY IN WAR
TIME.

IN September, 1814, when I had been for two years and more in the counting-room of Palmer & Hamilton, 77 Broad street, New York, one of their vessels, the brig *Regent*, Captain Bartlett, homeward bound from Havana, and when near our coast, was chased by a British frigate and ran into Little Egg Harbor, where she was captured by boats from the frigate. In the attempt to get her out she got aground, and was then set on fire and burned to the water's edge. I went to New Jersey to aid in saving a part of the cargo, which consisted of molasses, then worth over a dollar a gallon. Quite a number of hogsheads

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had been taken to different localities in that vicinity.

Tuckerton, towards a hundred miles east from Philadelphia, then had an abundance of oysters, sweet potatoes and mosquitoes. There was no place of public worship but that attended by the Friends. At their meetings occasionally there was a word of exhortation or a prayer, but when I was present the silence was unbroken. At the expiration of the hour the people arose, those nearest each other shook hands and then dispersed. In the worthy family of Mr. Willetts, where I boarded, on sitting down to our meals no blessing was invoked audibly, but for a moment there was perfect stillness and silence quite impressive.

One day a British frigate came in sight, and I started with a flag of truce, wishing to ascertain what had become of Captain Bartlett and his officers and crew. Meeting a boat from the frigate, the officer stated

that they had all been sent to Halifax.

The *Regent* was of a beautiful model, and a swift sailer, and arrangements were made to have her rebuilt.

I returned home by way of Philadelphia. I was then not quite twenty, and this was one of my first business excursions.

VIII.—NEW YORK TO FRANCE AND BACK.

JULY—SEPTEMBER, 1815.

THE schooner *Selby*, Captain John Selby, sailed from New York for Nantes July 2d, 1815, and I was on board as supercargo. Our cargo of cotton was to furnish funds for a return cargo of silks and other goods, to be purchased in Paris. The last news from France was that Napoleon was in Paris marshalling his forces to meet the allied armies. We had favorable winds, and in twenty days were in the Bay of Biscay, which we found swarming with British cruisers. Supposing there might be a blockade, we wished to avoid being spoken. We were chased by three British frigates, and the shot from one of them nearly

reached us, but we outsailed them. One of the frigates continued the chase until the next morning, when we found ourselves almost as far south as Bordeaux. Sailing north, we were surprised to see the Bourbon flag flying. The mystery was explained by the pilot, who informed us of the battle of Waterloo, which had been fought six weeks before. Napoleon at this time, July 26, was on board the *Bellerophon*, on the English coast. The day following, the captain and I landed at Painboeuf. At breakfast beggars gathered before the door, and could be dispersed only by throwing a handful of *sous* among them. Leaving our vessel there, Captain Selby and I went in a barge to Nantes. The scenery along the banks of the Loire was beautiful, but I was sorry to see women rowing a scow loaded with fresh-cut hay.

The most rapid travelling then was with the courier, and I rode with him two days

and three nights. The road all the way to Paris was guarded by Prussian troops, and wherever my passport had to be shown to the French authorities it was examined also by the Prussian commandants. Paris seemed to be alive with officers and soldiers of different nations, and on the ninth of August, the Russian Emperor, Alexander the First, reviewed his troops on the boulevards. It was said they numbered fifty thousand. I had a good view of the Czar, an uncommonly fine-looking man. He had fewer decorations on his person than some of his officers, and his horse was not so richly caparisoned as theirs. In the cavalcade there were the Emperor of Austria, the King of Prussia, the Duke of Wellington, the Prince of Orange, and other notables. I saw at another time the veteran Blucher exercising his soldiers. My business in Paris was completed in twelve days, and a ride of three days and two nights with the

courier brought me to Nantes. We sailed from Painboeuf August 21st, and on the twenty-third of September, when near the Jersey shore, we encountered the terrific, and memorable gale which did so much damage at sea, and along our coast. We were in great peril, but were mercifully preserved. In the evening we anchored at Sandy Hook. The next day was the Sabbath. The morning was lovely, and with a fresh southerly breeze we sailed up the beautiful bay and harbor of New York, and I stepped on the wharf just as the bells were ringing for church. The dreadful storm of the day before, "amid the roaring of the sea," and the events of the past twelve weeks, how different from the solemn and delightful services in the house of the Lord! The contrast awakened thoughts and feelings well-nigh overpowering. And thus ended my first visit abroad, when I was nearly twenty-one.

IX.— NEW YORK; LIVERPOOL, LONDON, PARIS.

SEPTEMBER—DECEMBER, 1815.

THE brig *Regent*, Captain Bartlett, sailed from New York for Liverpool September 27th, 1815. I was supercargo, and with the proceeds of the cargo of cotton and other funds, I was to make purchases in Paris. We had favoring winds, and reached Liverpool October 20th, and the same day I dined at the house of my consignee, Alexander MacGregor, in Everton, with two young friends from New York. In the evening we returned to the "Star and Garter," which was then quite a noted hotel. On the Sabbath I heard Mr. Raffles preach. He was the successor of Thomas Spencer, a promising young minister, who was drowned,

and whose excellent memoirs I had but recently read.

Among the interesting objects to be seen were the famous docks and the lofty warehouses, and I was gratified in seeing Washington Irving. After a week in Liverpool, I took the mail coach for London, arriving there after a ride of two hundred and seven miles in two nights and a day. We passed through a pleasant country and about twenty towns, and when at Litchfield, it was natural to think of Doctor Johnson. We saw the Bridgewater Canal, Lord Anson's seat, and the monument to the memory of Mr. Pitt. I put up at the London Coffee House, Ludgate Hill, and in the four days in London I rode and walked through almost every part of the city, and was at St. Paul's Cathedral, Westminster Abbey, Carlton House, St. James Palace and the Tower. It took me nearly a day to get my passports, as I had to go to the Mansion House, the Alien

office, the French Ambassador's and the American minister's.

Taking the mail coach in the evening, I reached Dover, about seventy miles distant, the next morning. The day was fine and the French coast was easily to be seen. I took passage in the British mail packet, cutter rigged, which sailed at noon. Many vessels were in sight in the channel, and we had a good view of the English and French coasts. We started for Calais, but the wind headed us off, and we went to Boulogne. We were five hours on board, the distance being about twenty miles. The passengers, twenty or more, were all taken from the small boat to the shore on the shoulders of women. Setting us down on the beach, they rushed again into the water to the side of the boat and took our luggage, which they carried to the hotel, a mile distant. The next day I left in the diligence for Paris. The only passenger who could converse with

me in English was a British chaplain, the Rev. Brooke Bridges Stevens. We rode two nights and a day, one hundred and seventy miles, passing through nearly twenty towns. At the Hotel de la Grande Bretagne, 341 Rue St. Honoré, I found my friend Henry Sheldon, where I took leave of him in August. This excellent hotel was near the Place Vendome, and from our rooms we could see the clock on the palace of the Tuilleries, and hear it strike the quarter-hours. In November and December I was busily engaged in the purchase and shipment of silk goods for New York via Havre. And in January and February I was diligently employed with Mr. Sheldon in viewing public buildings, works of art, and various objects of interest in Paris and vicinity.

We were part of three days at Versailles, which Napoleon said was too large for him. He seemed satisfied with St. Cloud, and when

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we were in his bed-chamber there, we were told that it remained just as he had left it. We visited St. Denis, where the remains of many royal personages repose, and at the castle of Vincennes we were shown the spot where the Duke d'Enghein was shot, after what was called a trial. We went to the top of the column in the Place Vendome, about one hundred and fifty feet high, and ascended one of the towers of the church of Notre Dame, over two hundred feet in height. The bell weighs thirty-two thousand pounds, and the clapper nine hundred and seventy-six pounds. It was fearful to look down from such a dizzy height.

X.—PARIS AND THE VICINITY.

JANUARY—FEBRUARY, 1816.

AT Rouen, thirty leagues from Paris, with a population of one hundred thousand, in my walks I saw many massive and imposing churches and other public buildings, and crossing the Seine on a bridge of boats, I had a fine view of the town, the numerous little vessels along the quay, and the surrounding country. At Rouen one could hardly fail to think of Joan of Arc, of whom it is difficult to get a reliable history.

Havre, nineteen leagues from Rouen, has remarkably fine docks, and commerce was then reviving. The harbor is good, but often not easy to enter or leave, owing to the narrow channel between the long pier

and the flats opposite. While I was there, a ship coming in, with a high wind and heavy sea, struck on the flats and was wrecked. Walking from the pier-head, near the shore, I passed a shipyard and some tile-kilns, and from the hill back of the town, had an extended view seaward.

I returned to Paris by *diligence*, and although one had the name of *Eclaire* and another of *Velocifere*, their speed was only two leagues an hour.

Marshal Ney, after a trial of several days, was condemned by the Chamber of Peers, and was shot December 7, 1815, near the garden wall of the Luxembourg, which spot we visited.

After attending a trial in one of the French courts, we saw a poor fellow guillotined in the *Place de Greves*, and the sad sight troubled me for some days afterward.

On the anniversary of the battle of

New Orleans about forty Americans had a sumptuous dinner at one of the first hotels, General Scott presiding.

The Abbe Sicard was at the head of the institution for the deaf and dumb, where I heard him lecture, and where I saw Mr. Clerc, one of the most advanced pupils, and who afterwards, for many years, was connected with the institution in Hartford, Conn.

The king, Louis the Eighteenth, went every forenoon to mass in the chapel, in the palace of the Tuilleries, returning through the glass gallery. When the weather was pleasant, he would step out on the balcony and bow to the people in the garden, who would swing their hats and shout, "*Vive le Roi!*" I went several times to get a good view of his Majesty. As he waddled along, it seemed as if his little legs would hardly support his ponderous body. To the services in this chapel a

limited number were admitted every Sunday, and Mr. Sheldon and I had cards of admission presented to us, and went. Hats, overcoats, canes, etc., had to be left in the cloak-room in the palace. We were near the king, the Count d'Artois, afterwards Charles the Tenth, and others of the royal family. Talleyrand, who was then grand chamberlain, stood behind the king, in gorgeous vestments, and looked as sober and devout as if he had never laughed in his sleeve. There was an abundance of French officers, and of people richly dressed. We sometimes went to the chapel in the Palace Elisee Bourbon, then occupied by the Duke of Wellington. His chaplain officiated, and the Duke came in uncovered and unattended, wearing a blue frock-coat, and nothing military but his boots, and quickly took his seat on one of the benches. His manner was entirely unostentatious. There was service in English,

also in the *Oratoire* in *Rue Sainte Honore*, conducted by the British chaplains.

We visited two manufactories of tapestry and carpets, one of them the *Gobelins* for the royal residences. At Sevres, porcelain is manufactured, also for the palaces. The first cost and the annual expense of these establishments, and of the many palaces, must have been enormous. The royal rulers and their households indulged in great luxury and extravagance, while multitudes were suffering from want. There have doubtless been many changes for the better since the government became Republican.

XI.—PARIS, AND DEPARTURE FROM FRANCE.

JANUARY—FEBRUARY, 1816.

ONE evening the Count de Caze, minister-general of police, gave a great party at his palatial residence, and his nephew, a friend of Mr. Sheldon, thinking we might like to look in upon the distinguished guests, sent us cards of invitation, and we went. We found ourselves among foreign ambassadors, dukes and duchesses, French marshals and notables in great numbers, amid the glitter of diamonds and an unusual display of costly adornments. There was music and a profusion of flowers. In some of the spacious apartments there was dancing, in some card-playing, in

some groups in conversation, and crowds were promenading. About twelve hundred were invited, and not far from one thousand were present. Among them was the Duke of Wellington, in citizen's dress, with no decorations except the star and garter.

When any of the royal family took a drive, their carriage, drawn by eight horses, moved very rapidly and was guarded by quite a number of armed outriders.

Weak eyes kept Mr. Sheldon from the theatre, and I stayed away from principle. So we did not hear the great Talma nor see Mademoiselle Mars. But we passed an hour at a public masked ball, and one evening we heard Madame Catalini sing at what was announced as a sacred concert, and which opened with "*Vive Henri Quatre.*" She was the Jenny Lind of those days.

Every fortnight I dined at the house of my bankers, where I was sure to meet foreigners. There were always six kinds of wine on the table. After leaving the dining-room, coffee, strong, clear and hot, in small cups with sugar, was served in the parlor. Cordials also were offered. When ladies were present etiquette required special attention to dress. Pants close at the ankles, or small-clothes were indispensable. Sheldon preferred the former and I the latter, with small gold knee-buckles.

Americans were taken for Englishmen, who were very unpopular, and sometimes we were saluted in the streets with "*rosbif*," or some similar epithet. And that our nationality might be known, some of us wore small gold eagles on our hats. One of our number was John Slidell, then an accomplished and promising young gentleman from New York,

who afterwards acquired an unenviable notoriety.

Having been about four months in gay Paris, I decided to make a little tour in Belgium, Holland, England, Scotland and Ireland. Mr. Albert Christie, a young New York merchant, proposed to accompany me as far as London, and I was glad to have a travelling companion so agreeable and intelligent. We left Paris on February 27th, and in order to see something of the country, we took seats in the *cabriolet* of the *diligence*; but the corpulence of the *conducteur*, and the unpleasant weather made it rather uncomfortable. We dined at Senlis, and saw the palace of Lucien Bonaparte. At Compeigne, eight leagues farther, there was another palace. At St. Quentin we found a carriage ready to take us to Cambrai. The canal from Mons to St. Denis passes under ground

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for more than a league near St. Quentin, and we found the tunnel at the entrance more than one hundred feet below the land on either side. We passed the night at Cambrai, as we could not reach Valenciennes before six, when the gates were shut. We took a hack to Mons, and went by *diligence* from there to Brussels.

XII.—A RAMBLE IN BELGIUM AND HOLLAND.

FEBRUARY—MARCH, 1816.

WE found Brussels to be a beautiful city; a sort of Paris in miniature. Being New Yorkers, we passed our two days at the Hotel de New York. We visited Waterloo, three leagues distant, and Mont St. Jean, a league or two farther. It was impressive to wander over the battle-fields where so many had fallen less than nine months before, and to stand where Wellington and Napoleon stood, and where Ney commanded. There were blood-stains and many other sad evidences of the terrible slaughter. The houses bore marks of cannon balls and bullets, and many holes had been

stopped in the farmhouse, *La Belle Alliance*, where Wellington and Blucher met after the fearful fight. We had official reports and statements in French and English, with drawings, showing the positions of the different armies.

From Brussels we had a pleasant ride of five hours in the diligence to Antwerp. The first half of the way, to Malines, a neat, pretty town, we were often near the canal, on which there were many vessels. The land being level, numerous villages, country seats and gardens were in sight. From the tower of the cathedral in Antwerp, six hundred and fifty steps from the ground, we saw much of the city and the surrounding country. At the *eglise St. Jacques* we saw the tomb of Rubens, and one of his pictures, and were admitted to a fine gallery of paintings, chiefly by Rubens and Van Dyck. We walked by the River Escaut,

and viewed the fortifications. The capacious docks and warehouses seemed to indicate that business to a large amount must have been transacted there.

But for the badness of the roads we should have gone to Bergen-op-zoom, the most strongly fortified town in Belgium. We went to Breda, where the fortifications were next in point of strength, and in a church there we saw some of Michael Angelo's sculpture. The road from Breda to Gorinchem was almost impassable. We had to take an open wagon, which part of the way sank in the mud almost to the hubs. From Gorinchem to Utrecht the road was good. We ascended one of the highest steeples, where we could see the flat country in every direction for a great distance. High up in one of these tall steeples the sexton and his family lived. As we had never been in a canal-boat, we took pas-

sage in one to Amsterdam, about twenty miles. Here we engaged a *domestique de place*, who showed us the principal curiosities of the town, and gave us much valuable information. This wonderful city, with a canal in almost every street, is kept by dikes from being submerged by the sea. It had two hundred and twenty thousand inhabitants, and was largely engaged in commerce. We visited Broek, a little village celebrated for its almost incredible neatness, where the streets are of brick, and painted. We left our hack outside, as the narrow bridges over streams running in different directions, and turnstiles, prevented horses, cows and vehicles from entering. At Saardam, where Mrs. Kirkland says there are four hundred wind-mills, we entered the cabin which Peter the Great occupied when he was working in the shipyard. After three days of sight-seeing we left Amsterdam,

the river Y, and the Zuyder Zee, and went to The Hague, a beautiful place, where we saw their Majesties and many of the nobility who had come to offer their congratulations on the happy marriage of the Prince of Orange.

XIII.—HOLLAND, ENGLAND, SCOTLAND, ETC.

MARCH—MAY, 1816.

THE weather not being favorable to go by boat, we took a *facre* from the Hague to Rotterdam. We stopped at Delft to see the tombs of William of Nassau, Grotius, Admiral Von Tromp and others. At the churches containing these tombs descriptions of them are for sale, and the following is a sample of the English: “Explication of the tomb of Admiral Peter Henry. This tomb is extrected by order of the General States at the honneur of the great pirate, Peter Henry, constructed of wit and blue marble.” At Rotterdam, another city of canals, we saw the statue of

Erasmus, and whatever else of interest we could find. We proceeded to Hellevoetsluis, where we embarked in the British mail-packet *Prince of Orange*, Captain Bridge. Mr. Whalebone was mate, and one of the seamen bore the name of Barber; a droll collection of names. Standing on the quarter-deck, I thought, as I had often thought, of objections to the use of tobacco, and I threw my last cigar into the North Sea, thus taking a final leave of the weed. I had never smoked much, and only occasionally. A heavy wind and rough sea obliged us to anchor for some hours, but we reached Harwich in safety. The distance to London is about seventy miles. The day was pleasant, and from the top of the coach we saw much to interest us. I called on our minister, John Quincy Adams, for a passport, and while his private secretary, Mr. Smith,

was preparing it, I had a little conversation with Mr. and Mrs. Adams, both of whom happened just then to be in his office. After three days in London, I went to Cambridge, fifty miles, to pass a day with my schoolmate Graham, who was in Trinity College studying law. We visited various public buildings, and saw what of interest was to be seen in this seat of learning, and we took a leisurely stroll along the banks of the Cam, and were together for fifteen hours. I then took a seat in the mail coach, and a ride of fifty-three hours brought me to Edinburgh. On the way we stopped at York long enough to take a look at the Minster. The scenery in and around Edinburgh is rugged and picturesque; the houses many stories high in the old town, and the street bridges connecting the old town with the new, are among the curiosities. I walked to Leith, the

seaport, two miles, houses being on both sides of the street all the way. The preachers I heard were Mr. Alison, of the Church of England, the author of a book on Taste, and Dr. Hall, Presbyterian, with whom I took tea.

On the way to Glasgow, when the coach stopped, beggars came forward asking for a *baubee*. There were several little steamboats on the Clyde, and in one of them I went to Port Glasgow and Greenock. I think that these were then the only steam vessels in Europe.

Among the buildings I visited was that of the excellent Institution for the Insane. Glasgow has grown wonderfully in late years, and has long been famous for shipbuilding. On the way to Ayr, I crossed the "Bonny Doon," and saw the cottage where Burns was born. At Port Patrick, I embarked with others in the mail-packet and crossed over to Donagh-

dee. Arriving on Saturday evening, when the Custom House was shut, our luggage was taken to the Guard House, where we were told there was "no order to deliver it." As it would have been inconvenient to be without our trunks until Monday, we mustered a few shillings, and then were glad to be told that there was "no order to detain them." We were gratified with this specimen of Irish wit. My stay was brief in Belfast, long celebrated, among other things, for the manufacture of linens. In twelve hours I rode from that city to Dublin, a hundred miles. The day was fine, and the gentleman who sat with me on the outside of the mail-coach was familiar with the road, and pointed out a number of memorable localities. Near Drogheda the battle of the Boyne was fought in 1690. We passed not a few hovels where poultry and pigs and little

urchins were in close proximity. Fair Dublin far exceeded my expectations, and in four days I had sufficient time for sightseeing. Five weeks had now been spent in travelling, and the tour seemed well worth its cost, three hundred dollars. We always stopped at the best hotels, and my friend Chrystie was somewhat extravagant in wines, paying nine francs a bottle for Rhine wine, and ten francs for Burgundy. "Abstainers" were fewer then than now. In England, Scotland, and Ireland, stage-coaches took the greater part of the travellers, those carrying the mail being preferred. Some of them carried six inside and twelve out, and passengers paying for seats inside could ride outside at pleasure.

I met an old acquaintance, Captain Hamilton, and took passage with him in his ship, the *North Star*, for New York. We sailed from Dublin, April 5th. There were five of us in the cabin, and there

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were about forty steerage passengers. When near the Grand Bank, we were for four days and nights among fields of ice, and were not free from danger. But we mercifully escaped uninjured, and reached New York May 12th, 1816. after a pleasant passage of thirty-six days.

XIV.—A TRIP TO THE WEST INDIES.

JUNE—AUGUST, 1816.

THE schooner *Franklin*, Captain Alexander, sailed from New York for St. Bartholomew, June 17th, 1816. I went as supercargo, and in twenty-four days we entered Gustavia, the port of St. Bartholomew. This Swedish island is small, mountainous and salubrious. The governor was "His Excellency Berndt Baron Stackelberg, Colonel, His Majesty's First Aid-de-Camp, Knight of the Royal and Military Order of the Sword," etc., etc., etc.

Walking up one of the steep hills, I was glad to see a building which was used for a mission school and for public worship. In nine days our outward cargo

was disposed of, and our return cargo of sugar and dry goods was on board, and we sailed for Baltimore. It was pleasant sailing with a fair wind, the atmosphere clear, and the little waves sparkling in the sun. There were many islands in sight, some of them quite small, rising out of the sea, and in shape resembling haystacks.

A very large shark kept us company, and some eatables were thrown over to keep him alongside. At length he was caught in a noose and hoisted on board. As the huge monster was floundering on deck, showing his large open mouth rounded with teeth ready for action, it seemed well to keep at a respectful distance. A sailor's knife soon quieted him. One day some flying-fish darted out of the water, and striking against the sails, fell on deck. They were doubtless pursued by other fish.

In fifteen days we entered Chesapeake Bay, and four days afterward reached Baltimore.

General Carrera, who was President of Chili, under the Patriot Government, was then in Baltimore fitting out an expedition for Buenos Ayres and Chili, hoping that with the assistance of the Buenos Ayrean Government, Chili might again be liberated from Spanish rule. But at that time I knew nothing of this.

The personal acquaintance made with merchants in Baltimore, for whom I had transacted business abroad, led to a residence of four years in South America.

On Sunday I heard Bishop Kemp preach in Christ Church, and seeing Mr. Hanson, I was reminded of the duel fought in 1808, by his brother-in-law, Barent Gardinier, with George W. Campbell, in which Gardinier was seriously wounded. He was a lawyer and editor in New York, and a

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member of Congress. He tarnished his reputation by engaging in this contest so foolish and barbarous.

After a day or two in Philadelphia, I reached New York August 15th, 1816.

XV.—ON THE WAY TO CHILI.

JANUARY—FEBRUARY, 1817.

CHILI lies between the Andes and the Pacific. It is from fifty to one hundred miles in breadth, and its length something over twelve hundred miles. Valparaiso is in thirty-three degrees south latitude, and Santiago, the capital, is about eighty miles east, and within twenty miles of the Andes.

A revolution in 1810 resulted in the formation of a Patriot Government. But in 1814 the Spanish forces which had been driven to the South, availing themselves of dissensions among the Chilians, now came upon them, routed the Patriot army at Rancagua, and the

Spanish Government was again established. Some of the officers and soldiers who escaped after the battle, crossed the Andes and took refuge in Mendoza. One of these was General Jose Miguel Carrera, who had been President in Chili. He came to this country, and with the aid of merchants in Baltimore, in the summer and autumn of 1816, fitted out an expedition, and sailed for Buenos Ayres with the ship *Clifton* and a large schooner, and a number of young American officers. He trusted that with the co-operation of the Buenos Ayrean Government, his country would again be liberated. But soon after his arrival at Buenos Ayres, General San Martin, who had been governor in Mendoza, crossed the Andes with an army, and in a hard-fought battle at Chacabuco, February 12th, 1817, routed the Spanish troops and victoriously entered Santiago, the capital.

The Patriot Government was re-established, General Bernardo O'Higgins, the son of a former viceroy of Peru, being at its head with the title of Supreme Director.

General Carrera's great object seemed now to have been accomplished. But he was unfriendly to those in power in Chili; and the Government of Buenos Ayres, knowing his determination to return to Chili, and having reason to fear that he would cause disturbance, arrested him and sent him to the fort. He was then placed on board of a Buenos Ayrean war vessel in the roads, from which he escaped. He was a man of fine personal appearance, accomplished, intelligent, of marked ability, and from one of the first families in Chili. But he was ambitious, and now restless, dissatisfied, and disappointed in his expectation of being again prominent in the Government of Chili.

The brig *Savage*, with a valuable cargo, sailed from Baltimore, January 5th, 1817, for Buenos Ayers and Chili. I was supercargo, and was to remain in Chili as agent for the owners of the *Savage*, who expected to furnish the Patriot Government with various supplies.

Twenty-seven days after leaving Chesapeake Bay we touched at the Isle of May for fresh provisions, fruit and vegetables. At the northern part of the island there is a pond some four miles in length, and the strong northwest winds in February force the waves over the beach, filling the pond. In April or May the salt having formed, is raked out and carried to the port for shipment. Large quantities are exported.

Sailing vessels bound to the south-east coast of South America, or to the Cape of Good Hope, had to go as far east as the Cape Verde Islands, in order

to take the southeast trades. These winds carried us thirteen hundred and fifty-seven miles in eight days on a straight line, with eighteen sails set. Air more balmy and pleasanter sailing, it might not be easy to find.

XVI.—BUENOS AYRES, CAPE HORN, COQUIMBO, VALPARAISO, SANTIAGO.

MARCH—JUNE, 1817.

I HAD a good supply of stationery and books, and I made writing-books, set copies, made and mended quill pens, and assisted such of the sailors as wished to learn to write, and those who desired to improve their handwriting. Bibles and tracts were distributed, and books were given and lent. Every Sunday we had religious services on deck, when the weather would permit. I served as chaplain, and it was somewhat formidable to face the captain, mates, petty officers, a Romish *padre* to whom we had given a passage, a merchant sent by friends on

a temperance voyage, and about twenty seamen. Sometimes I ventured into the forecastle to talk with the men and to read to them. My pantry class, consisting of the steward, cook and cabin boy, I instructed in the evening. My stock of Bibles being exhausted, I gave the gunner the one which had been my companion for eleven years. It was the first Bible I owned, and was bought with money saved for that purpose. To the cabin boy, a bright little fellow, I gave the little hymn-book which I used when a small boy and standing up with those who sung counter. Several of the sailors appeared to be grateful for efforts made to benefit them, and the gunner, who had been for several years on board of a British man-of-war, and who was terribly profane, "knocked off" swearing and seemed to have begun a new life. At his urgent request, I wrote

out for him a form of prayer, and Doddridge's "Self-Dedication to God." I gave him also "The Life of Whitefield," which he read with interest and, I hope, with profit.

The steerage was occupied by the carpenter, boatswain, gunner, the *padre* and the merchant. The mates had a state-room and the captain and I the cabin. The mates and the *padre* took their meals with us. As I had intercourse more or less with every one on board, and read and wrote a good deal, my time was wholly occupied.

The brig was of nearly three hundred tons, and no expense had been spared either in her construction or outfit. She carried ten heavy guns, to be used if necessary for self-defence.

The river La Plata is so wide, and the channel so narrow, with so many shoals, that the navigation for large ves-

sels was difficult. We anchored March 20th, in the outer harbor or roadstead, about eight miles from Buenos Ayres. Smaller vessels anchored within a mile or two of the city. The opposite shore was too far distant to be seen. The next day Captain Perry and I landed and took lodgings at Baxter's Hotel. General San Martin arrived from Chili March 30th, and two days afterward I was introduced to him at the house of his father-in-law, by Mr. De Forest. Great preparations had been made to give the General a brilliant reception, but he entered the city the day before he was expected, and thus prevented the ovation. Having, with the aid of other brave men, freed that country, his great object now was to liberate Peru.

I saw General Carrera several times, the last time being March 29th, and only

a few hours before he was arrested. In a future number mention may be made of the misconduct of this unhappy man, and of his tragical end.

It was understood that the ship *Clifton*, Captain Davy, and the large schooner, took commissions from the Buenos Ayrean Government as privateers, and went on a cruise in the Atlantic. This was true of the schooner, which, with the name *San Martin*, under the Buenos Ayrean flag, and commanded by Captain Dieter, left Buenos Ayres April 2d. The *Savage* sailed the same day, and in going down the river we were for three or four days in sight of the schooner.

We left the mouth of the La Plata April 7th, and passed in sight of the snowy peaks on the Falkland Islands, and near Staten-Land and Cape Horn. We doubled the cape in eleven days, having had hail and snow, with winter weather

and heavy gales, and the sea running high. For several days afterwards the stormy westerly winds and the rough sea made us feel as if we had hardly entered the Pacific. Supposing that Valparaiso might be blockaded, we avoided that port, and put into Coquimbo May 26th. My consignee was George Edwards, an English gentleman, who had resided there many years. I set out for Santiago May 29th, having for travelling companion Don Francisco Bascunan, ex-Governor of Guasco. There being no inns on the way, we took beds and provisions, although we found fowls, eggs, milk or fruit where we stopped. The kind, hospitable peasants made no charge, but were satisfied with what we saw fit to hand them. Our road was a rough, mountainous bridle-path. We had three attendants, two horses and seventeen mules, and were ten days on our jour-

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ney, taking Valparaiso on our way. We reached Santiago June 10th, having travelled over four hundred miles. The day before, I saw General San Martin, at Casa Blanca, with reference to the purchase of the *Savage's* cargo by the Government.

XVII.—CHILI, MERCANTILE HOUSE, CONSUL-
ATE, BATTLE OF MAIPO, EXCURSION.

1817-20.

A NUMBER of foreign merchants had just established themselves in Santiago, and I selected as my consignee Don Estanislao Lynch, a young Buenos Ayrean merchant. There being then no hotels or boarding-houses, merchants were obliged to receive as their guests those for whom they transacted business. Mr. Lynch's house, therefore, was my home. A large part of the *Savage's* cargo consisted of military stores, and the only purchaser was the Government, who bought as they needed them. The articles all had to be brought

by land from Coquimbo; and, as a long time would necessarily elapse before all could be disposed of, the vessel was loaded with copper and specie, and sent to Baltimore, leaving Coquimbo on or about September 10th. Mr. Edwards's son Joachin came to this country in the *Savage*, to obtain a mercantile education. In alluding to the great cost of that vessel, I might have added that her cabin was of mahogany, with permanent bureaus, writing-desks and book-shelves, the carpet and other furniture being suitable for a parlor. This was my home for nearly five months.

Towards the close of the year Mr. Lynch and I established a mercantile house, the firm being Lynch, Hill & Co., the company being Lynch, Zimmermann & Co., of Buenos Ayres. Mr. Lynch had charge of the establishment at Santiago, and I commenced my resi-

dence in Valparaiso. In March, 1818, I was appointed United States consul for Santiago and Valparaiso. Washington Stewart of Philadelphia was appointed consul for Coquimbo, and became the partner and son-in-law of Mr. Edwards. Colonel Worthington of Baltimore, our consul-general, did not make a long stay in Chili, nor did Judge Bland, United States commissioner. Judge Prevost, the confidential agent of our Government, continued there. He was the private secretary of President Monroe, when he was minister to France.

The Spanish troops who escaped after the battle of Chacabuco fled to the South, and after a year were reinforced by three thousand men from Peru. General Osorio, then, with an army of about five thousand, commenced his march, confident that he would conquer any force that could be brought against

him, and sure that he would take possession of the capital and re-establish the Spanish Government. Valparaiso was blockaded and our situation was critical. Indeed the danger was so imminent that I accepted Commodore Biddle's invitation, and passed several nights on board the U. S. ship *Ontario*, taking with me papers and articles of value. There were about forty vessels in port, and he was to convoy them out in case the invading army should be successful. General San Martin, with about five thousand men, left Santiago, and at Maipo met the Spanish forces, and in a sanguinary engagement completely vanquished them. This was on the fifth of April, 1818. In November, 1818, Lord Cochrane arrived in Valparaiso, and, as admiral, took command of the Chilian navy. Commodore Downes, in the frigate *Macedonian*, was on the coast from January, 1819,

till March, 1821, and was relieved by Commodore Ridgely in the frigate *Constellation*. On the twentieth of August, 1820, an expedition consisting of about five thousand men, with thirteen transports and six ships-of-war, sailed from Valparaiso to liberate Peru. General San Martin had command of the land forces and Lord Cochrane that of the ships. On the twelfth of July, 1821, General San Martin entered Lima as Liberator of Peru, having been so successful in changing the public sentiment that the viceroy had been obliged to leave that city with his army. General San Martin died in France in 1850.

In December, 1820, I made an excursion of a week to the celebrated bathing stream, the Angostura, about fifty miles to the south of Santiago. My travelling companions were Mr. Schmidtmeyer, an intelligent Swiss gentleman, who had

been a London merchant, and a Chilian lad. An attendant had charge of our beds and luggage. There being then no public houses, we took letters of introduction, although Chilian hospitality made it unnecessary to deliver them all. Mr. Lynch and two other friends accompanied us a few miles towards evening. The sun soon set beautifully and seemed to sink into the Pacific just as the full moon rose above the Andes.

XVIII.—EXCURSION TO THE SOUTH.

DECEMBER, 1820.

AT ten o'clock, having rode seven leagues, we found ourselves near a large establishment, and asked the porter at the lodge for permission to place our beds inside the long, protecting brick wall. He insisted on reporting us to the proprietor, assured that he would claim us as his guests. And so he did, and we met with a most cordial reception. After two hours' conversation with Don Francisco Ruiz Tagle and his wife and an old chaplain, we had a sumptuous supper, and retired after one o'clock. The next morning we were taken over the premises, which were formerly occupied by the

Jesuits, having a barrack-like building which might, we thought, accommodate a thousand men.

There was a church edifice, a large pond abounding with fish and surrounded by poplars, and a fine walk shaded by forest trees. His orchards bore cherries, pears, plums, figs, walnuts and other fruits. There were a garden, a vineyard, a bath, a tannery and a grist mill, and his broad acres produced large wheat crops. The kindness of our host detained us till six P. M., when we left La Calera. The Maipo was so much swollen by the melted snows of the Cordilleras that we could not ford it, and we had to ride a long distance to reach the bridge. This was made of strong hide cords extending across the river, with small poles and bamboos laid crosswise. The northern bank is very high, and the descent is uncomfortably steep; the tread of the horse makes the

bridge swing, and the roar of the stream frightens the animal, so that the crossing is by no means agreeable. About midnight we stopped at a miserable post-house, where eatables were scarce. The next afternoon we called at the elegant mansion of Don Jose Toribio Larrain, and were met at the door by two ladies, who said they had been sitting at the window hoping that some visitors would appear. We found there Don Felipe Castilla and lady, and at midnight Doctor Vera and Mr. Mardonas joined us. Travellers often rode early in the morning and late at night, to avoid the heat and glare of the sun. The next day we viewed the garden and grounds of our host. The improvements on his extensive domain were in the modern style, showing excellent taste. Mr. Larrain would not allow us to leave him that day. The morning following we rose at five and rode through his extensive

meadows. He had an immense number of cattle. In the afternoon we reached the Angostura de Payne, where we met the Supreme Director and his suite, with a guard of a hundred soldiers. He was recreating for a few days. We dined with him, there being at the table his mother and sister, the minister of marine, Doctor Alvano, Senator Rosas, Don Joachin Vicuna, ex-Governor of Coquimbo, and Padre Java, with several officers and others. He insisted on our occupying one of his marquees, and we found it, as he said we should, more airy and comfortable than any of the crowded houses.

Early the next morning we rode to the beautiful Lake Aculco, which was swarming with flamingos, ducks, snipe, gannets, and birds of bright plumage. We rode a league upon its margin, and returned with the director and his friends. In the afternoon we went to Baldivia and bathed

in the delightful Angostura. This pure stream rises in the Cordilleras and enters the Maipo. The next day we swam again, returning in the evening to Payne. What with a ball, mass, supper, singing and promenading, although we retired early to our marquee, we got no sleep until long after midnight. After breakfast we witnessed another dance, and at noon accompanied His Excellency and a dozen more, and took our last plunge and swim in the bright and charming Angostura. We returned to Santiago well satisfied with our week's experience.

The Bay of Valparaiso was made memorable by the capture of the U. S. frigate *Essex*, Commodore Porter, March 28th, 1814, by the British ship *Phœbe*, Commodore Hillyer, and the *Cherub*, Captain Tucker. In 1881 a monument was erected in memory of the brave men who lost their lives in that sanguinary engagement.

XIX.—FROM CHILI, ACROSS THE ANDES TO
MENDOZA AND THE PAMPAS.

MARCH, 1821.

EARLY in 1821 I was ready to return home. The frigate *Macedonian* was about to sail for Rio Janeiro and Boston, and Commodore Downes kindly invited me to take passage with him. But I wished to cross the Andes and the Pampas, those immense plains between Mendoza and Buenos Ayres. Thanking him, therefore, for his tempting invitation, I proposed to get on board at Rio Janeiro.

Leaving Chili I left many estimable friends. The descendants of Europeans there very much resembled our own people in appearance, and I found them

amiable, intelligent, and cultivated. The peasants were of a different race, of dark complexion, with black, bushy hair, friendly, hardy, and as industrious as could be expected in so mild a climate with so rich a soil, and provisions so cheap and abundant.

During the whole of my stay in Chili General O'Higgins was at the head of the Government. He was a true patriot, a brave soldier, and an amiable, sensible, reliable man. After the battle of Chacabuco a portion of the Spanish army fled to the South and were pursued by Chilean troops commanded by General O'Higgins. He remained a long time in the neighborhood of Talcahuano, and in a battle there received a wound which for months prevented his holding a pen. I saw several documents executed by him as supreme director with a signature substituted for his handwriting. I had in-

terviews with him at his residence, and in other places. He was affable and entirely without ostentation. He had been educated in England. He was unmarried, and his mother and sister formed part of his household. His father, before being viceroy of Peru and marquis of Vallenar, was governor of Chili, and aided greatly in the construction of the road between Valparaiso and Santiago, and was in many ways highly serviceable to that country. It was said that no foreigner had been so greatly honored as he by the Government of Spain.

General Freire, General Las Heras and Admiral Blanco were among the distinguished men in Chili. Admiral Blanco was a perfect gentleman, and an uncommonly interesting man. Before being a midshipman in the Spanish Navy, he had received a military education in Spain. I had a very pleasant acquaintance with

him, which commenced when he was in the army.

I left Santiago March 12, 1821, accompanied by Mr. Montgomery, an English merchant from Buenos Ayres, and a Chilian lad. Besides horses and mules for the saddle we had five mules to carry our beds, provisions and luggage. Our course was northerly, the distance to Colina being six leagues, and from there to Chacabuco and Villa Nueva seven leagues. The next day having rode by the side of the rapid and beautiful Aconcagua, we turned to the East and found our mountain path narrow, rough, rocky, with small, loose stones and through frightful ravines. We now exchanged horses for mules, which are more sure of foot and tougher, and they browse upon the mountains and require less feed than the horses. After riding thirteen leagues we came to La Guardia, where we found

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custom house officers and soldiers, and where our baggage was examined. The corridor of the guard-house was the best place we could find for our beds. The third day we passed a lake and several small, one-room houses for travellers overtaken by snowstorms. After rough travelling, we reached the *cumbre*, the highest point upon the road, seventeen thousand feet above the sea. We were an hour and a half in climbing it, and as long in passing down on the eastern slope. The ascent was so steep that we had to pursue a zigzag course, both in ascending and descending. Just before reaching the summit, we had a flurry of snow, and felt the cold for a short time. At night our beds were made near a huge rock, having the starry heavens for our canopy, and shining masses of ice on high peaks in various directions seeming to look down upon us. The air was

keen, but we had a good supply of bed clothing. Early in the morning of the fourth day we passed the river of Las Cuevas and turned aside to view the bridge of the Incas, a great natural curiosity. We met Captain Young, who gave us the quarter of a guanaco which one of his soldiers had just shot. At noon, having rode eight leagues, we stopped to partake of our turkeys, ham and guanaco.

XX.—BUENOS AYRES, RIO DE JANEIRO, U. S.
FRIGATE MACEDONIAN, BOSTON.

MARCH—JUNE, 1821.

IN the afternoon we crossed the River Tupungato, and passing springs, marshes and *el penon rasgado*, torn rock, we came to two of the three *laderas* which we had to pass. These are rocky mountain-sides rising from the river almost perpendicularly several hundred feet, the narrow path or shelf having been made by scooping out or excavating the rock, and is almost on the edge of a terrific precipice, where a misstep would be fatal. The following is Doctor Brigham's description: "The path along the sides is from one to two feet in width,

just sufficient for the mule to pass. Looking up, the mountain-top is in the clouds. The precipice below is a look of horror. You look down a gulf of five hundred feet, and in one place seven hundred feet descent, at the bottom of which rolls the furious Mendoza, eight miles an hour, bearing at its top trees, leaves, grass and mud, and in its bed stones and rocks continually rumbling like distant thunder. If there is a place on this rugged earth which deserves to be called sublime, it is that seen by him who passes the *laderas* in the Andes of South America." I dismounted and led my mule past that giddy height. We slept comfortably in the open air at La Jaula, but could get water only from the turbid Mendoza.

On the fifth day we passed the ruins of Tambillos, and the last of the *laderas*, and at two P. M. reached Uspallata. After

dinner and a *siesta*, we showed our passports and set out at seven P. M. for a cold ride of seven leagues.

We started early on the sixth day, and, passing the Paramillo, reached Vilavicencia at eleven, and had a nice *casuela*, with fine peaches, for breakfast. That day and the day before we saw many guanacos. Taking horses, we galloped down the narrow, winding valley which seemed interminable. But the ride of a dozen leagues brought us to Mendoza. We had ridden twenty-three leagues since morning, and we were glad to find rest in a *café*, where English and American travellers had just arrived from Buenos Ayres.

We called on the Governor with our passports, and found, as we had been informed before leaving Santiago, that General Carrera, with a band of outlaws and Indians, had committed depre-

dations on the road we had to travel. Soldiers had been sent in pursuit, and we took the Governor's advice and waited for further information. Mendoza is a beautiful city, near the eastern foot of the Andes, and celebrated for its delicious grapes and for the wine made from them. We had more time than we had anticipated to deliver our letters of introduction and to make visits. After a week's delay we left Mendoza, and were glad to find as we proceeded that the marauders had left the road and gone South. The only inconvenience we experienced was from their having carried off some of the post-horses.

General Carrera's brothers, Juan Jose, and Luis, in attempting to enter Chili were captured near Mendoza, and after a protracted trial were condemned and shot in that city April 8th, 1818. There was evidence that the three brothers had

treasonable designs and were engaged in efforts to overthrow the Government of Chili. General Carrera, owing to disappointments and the fate of his brothers, became maddened, infuriated, and I learned after my return home that he had a battle near Mendoza with Buenos Ayrean troops, and that he was taken prisoner and shot in Mendoza, September 4th, 1821.

In order to avoid horseback-riding and exposure to the sun, we had purchased at Mendoza a carriage in which we rode about three hundred miles, when one of the wheels got into a rut and some of the spokes were broken. We were, therefore, obliged to abandon our vehicle, leaving it a wreck upon the road. We then took to our saddles, and after galloping a week or more, reached Buenos Ayres April 8th.

The distance from Mendoza to Buenos

Ayres is about three hundred leagues, and there are post-houses all the way, only a few leagues apart, where horses are furnished by the Government at reasonable charges. As the road is level, travellers can be seen at a great distance, and as they approach many horses are driven into a corral and such selected as may be needed. A novel sight to us was ostriches with wide-spread wings sweeping over the ground at a flying rate. Horsemen sometimes get near enough to take them with the lasso. In this way guanacos, cattle and horses are taken. The price of a wild horse was four dollars. On the *pampas* there are snakes whose bite is deadly. One night a furious *pampéro* swept over us, but the storm abated before morning and we continued our galloping as usual. In the fifteen days from Mendoza to Buenos Ayres each of us must have ridden, first and

last, as many as forty horses. The journey of nearly a month from the Pacific to the Atlantic was fatiguing, but full of interest.

I took passage at Buenos Ayres in the Swedish brig *Calypso*, and after a pleasant passage of a fortnight arrived at Rio Janeiro May 5th. The day was bright and beautiful, while, as we learnt afterwards, it was amid storm and tempest that on that day Napoleon the First passed away at St. Helena, a few hundred miles distant.

The *Macedonian* had been in port two or three days, and a warm welcome was extended to me by Commodore Downes. We had a week for sight-seeing in Rio Janeiro and the vicinity, and leaving that beautiful and spacious harbor and bay May 11th, we had a most agreeable passage of thirty-seven days and reached Boston June 19th, 1821.

XXI.—THE HON. DAVID C. DEFOREST.

MR. DEFOREST was one of the most interesting men I met during a four years' residence in South America. He was an American merchant, residing in Buenos Ayres. I had a letter of introduction to him, and found him to be a judicious adviser in business matters. An entry in my journal runs thus:

“*Buenos Ayres, March 25th, 1817*: Called this morning at the counting-room of Mr. DeForest; and finding that it was a holiday, he would not be in town, I procured a horse and rode out to his *chacara*, or country seat, which is six or eight miles from the city, and not far

from the river. A younger brother of Mr. Lynch accompanied me. As it was nearly low water, we took the lower road, along the margin of the river, or, as it appeared, the sea-shore; for as far as the eye could reach, there was only 'one wide water round us spread.' Horses here are so plenty and cheap that their owners soon wear them out and get others to supply their places. They are almost always on the gallop; and when we were riding through the streets it seemed more as if we were running a race than taking a common ride, except when we checked our steeds to view more leisurely the scenery around us. The day was fine, the sun was bright and pleasant, and a refreshing breeze rolled the little waves along the shore. The white surf, which sometimes almost reached our horses' feet, contrasted well with the hard, black sand on which we

were riding; while the far-famed La Plata on one side of us, and on the other a landscape prettily drawn by nature's pencil, presented a view on which the eye might dwell with pleasure. We found Mr. and Mrs. DeForest writing at separate tables; and she said, with a smile, that she was assisting her husband as clerk, and was copying one of his letters. After I had concluded my business with him, it was in vain that I proposed to return to town before dinner. The writing apparatus was laid aside, and we took a walk among his fruit trees. The figs were delicious, and it was the first time I had ever plucked them from the trees. His house is on a rising ground; the river is in full view, and on the right is the city of Buenos Ayres, with an extensive, verdant plain between. He has a large *hacienda*, or plantation; and the Madeira nuts, peaches

and other fruit on the table, were part of its produce. On our way home Don Manuel and I found it pretty warm and dusty, but we had a pleasant ride."

Mr. DeForest introduced me to General San Martin, who was soon to return to Chili, and who had commanded at the battle of Chacabuco, February 12th, when the Spanish army was vanquished and the way prepared for the re-establishment of the Patriot Government in Chili. Mr. DeForest gave me letters which led to the establishment of a mercantile house in Valparaiso and Santiago, in which I was interested. His family was about to embark for this country, and he was to remain a year to settle his affairs. In one of his letters he asked me whether he, returning home with a fortune, had better engage in business or build a fine house and enjoy life. I replied that if I were able

to return home rich, I should not trouble myself with business. After coming back to this country, he visited several cities, to look at houses ; and Mr. Hoppin's, at Providence, suiting him best, he had one built like it, in New Haven, Conn., on one of the finest sites in that city, and at great cost. He was consul-general of the Argentine Republic, and the annual celebration of the independence of that country, in his elegant mansion, was one of great parade and show and expense. I was not in a situation to know of his benefactions, but heard incidentally of a fund he gave to Yale College, which I learn was to yield eleven hundred dollars or more annually for educational purposes.

Mr. DeForest was a man of commanding form and fine personal appearance, and naturally was high-spirited, imperious, yet dignified, gentlemanly, affable and

very interesting in conversation. He was in some way connected with a very valuable Spanish prize captured by a Buenos Ayrean privateer, in 1817, and a suit was instituted against him, causing him great annoyance. We exchanged letters occasionally, and his last to me was written only six days before his sudden death, in 1825. He was born in Huntington, Conn., in 1771. His wife, Julia Wooster, was born at the same place in 1795 or 1796. They were married October 6, 1811, and sailed for Buenos Ayres in February, 1812. He had visited Buenos Ayres previous to 1809. Mrs. DeForest, with four children and two servants, left Buenos Ayres for New Haven in April, 1817. Mr. DeForest sailed for home in March, 1818, and died in New Haven, Conn., February 22, 1825. One of their daughters has been a resident of Catskill. Mrs. DeForest died January 1, 1873.

XXII.—LORD COCHRANE, AFTERWARDS
EARL OF DUNDONALD.

HE arrived at Valparaiso in November, 1818, and as admiral took command of the navy of Chili. He was necessarily absent most of the time, but Lady Cochrane was genial, buoyant, fond of company, and there were a great many social, informal gatherings and parties at his residence. Sometimes, before separating, the company, if not too large, would form a circle, join hands, and sing *Auld Lang Syne*. No one enjoyed this more than his private secretary, Mr. Hoseason, an old Scotch gentleman.

One evening, at a large party there, I was standing near Admiral Blanco, of

the Chilian navy, who said, looking at our hosts : “ What a contrast! She young, sprightly, handsome, gay; he old, homely, stiff, serious!” And so he went on, concluding with the wonder how they ever came to be man and wife. It was understood that he fell in love with her when she was at a boarding-school, and that he assisted pecuniarily in completing her education. It was said that his family connections did not like the match; but he was a man not to be disturbed by opposition, being always ready for an encounter.

He died in London in 1860, at the age of eighty-five. A year or two before his death four volumes were published “ by Thomas, tenth earl of Dundonald, G. C. B., admiral of the red, rear-admiral of the fleet, etc., etc.” The first two are *The Autobiography of a Seaman*, giving an account of his exploits while in the Brit-

ish navy and when in Parliament; and the other two containing a history of his career while in command of the navies of Chili, Peru and Brazil. These volumes give a minute account of his quarrels with all these governments and the British government, and with many distinguished individuals. He was almost always in hot water, being impulsive, headstrong, persevering, determined to have his way, and meeting others who were determined to have their way. He was brave, industrious, restless, perhaps, and had a good deal of talent; but his mind was not well-balanced. So he seemed to me. His appearance was not prepossessing. He was not a brawny Scotchman, but tall, lank, stooping, awkward, with sandy hair, and freckled. He seemed to feel quite competent to guide States and Empires, and very kindly advised the Emperor of Brazil how to manage. The Emperor, in

return for this kindness, or for other reasons, made him Marquis of Maranhao; and his despatches, proclamations, etc., were signed "Cochrane and Maranhao." Of these, and of his letters, his books contain scores, and his address then was, "The Right Honorable Lord Cochrane, Marquis of Maranhao, First Admiral of Brazil and Commander-in-chief of the Naval Forces of the Empire." It is sad to think of him, at the age of eighty-three or eighty-four, writing books setting forth his wonderful deeds, detailing the many serious charges brought against him, vindicating himself and criminating governments and individuals. He seemed to think that no one had done him justice. He sought wealth and fame. He got money, but it slipped through his fingers; and he acquired fame, but of a doubtful quality.

He gave some account of his romantic

marriage, and mentioned several incidents in regard to Lady Cochrane and their wonderful little boy Thomas. I was often at their house, and knew a good deal about them.

From the *Life of the Earl of Dundonald*, by Joseph Allen, 1861; and a volume by Major Knollys, 1877, *The Exploits of Lord Cochrane, Tenth Earl of Dundonald*, it appears that in the year—

1775—December 14, he was born in Lannarkshire.

1793—He entered the British navy.

1800—Had many conversations with Lord Nelson, at Palermo.

1807—Member of Parliament.

1812—August, married to Katharine Corbett Barnes.

1814—He was tried, convicted and imprisoned—many think unjustly—for being concerned in a stock-jobbing fraud.

1818—Was admiral of the Chilean

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navy, and afterwards also of the Peruvian navy.

1823—Had command of the Brazilian navy.

1827—Entered the service of the government of Greece.

1828—Returned to England.

1831—Became Earl of Dundonald on the death of his father.

1848—Appointed commander-in-chief of the North American and West India stations.

1854—Made rear-admiral of England.

1857—April, completed his three years' tenure of command as admiral of the North American stations.

1860—October 30, died in London, aged nearly eighty-five. Lady Cochrane died some years before, leaving four sons; the oldest, Thomas, being Earl of Dundonald.

One of Lord Cochrane's exploits on the

coast of Peru was the capture of the beautiful brig *Macedonian*, Captain Eliphalet Smith, owned by Messrs. J. & T. H. Perkins of Boston, and the seizure of one hundred and forty-five thousand dollars, the amount paid for her cargo, I think, by Messrs. Arismendi & Abadia of Lima. This vessel, which has an interesting history, I am told was subsequently a man-of-war, bearing the name of *Arequipena*. A claim for this seizure was made upon the Chilian government, and finally settled, and the amount paid to Mr. T. H. Perkins, several years after the dissolution of his house in January, 1838.

XXIII.—GENERAL JOSE DE SAN MARTIN.

OF the illustrious men of South America, probably no one was superior to General San Martin. He was born February 25, 1778, at Yapeyu, in the province of Entre Ríos, of which his father, a military officer, was governor. Both of his parents were from Spain, and when quite young he was sent to that country, where, possessing the greatest advantages, he acquired his military education. For a while he was adjutant to Governor Solano, at Cadiz. He was in the Spanish army about twenty years, and in 1808 took the grade of lieutenant-colonel. In 1808 he went to England, and in London was associated with Ven-

ezuelans, Argentines and other friends interested in South American independence. Leaving Falmouth with Carlos Alvear and Zapiola, he reached Buenos Ayres March 13, 1812. Various improvements in the army were made by him, and he organized a body of mounted grenadiers. After the severe battle and victory of San Lorenzo (February 3, 1813), where he commanded and where he was wounded, he was made general-in-chief of the Argentine army. He was appointed governor of Tucuman, and founded a military academy. In 1814 he was Governor of Cuyo, and resided in Mendoza.

In Chili a Patriot Government was established in 1810, but in 1814 that beautiful country again came under Spanish sway. After the disastrous battle of Rancagua many of the Chilian army fled to Mendoza, and there, in the midst of many difficulties and disadvantages, an

army was formed in the hope of again freeing Chili from Spanish rule. But to cross the Andes with an army was considered almost an impossibility. This gigantic effort, however, was successful, and at Chacabuco, on the twelfth of February, 1817, in a hard-fought battle, the Spanish forces were vanquished, and the army under General San Martin victoriously entered the capital of Chili. The people hailed him as their liberator, and wished to place him at the head of the government; but he would not consent, and General Bernardo O'Higgins, son of a former viceroy of Peru, was appointed supreme director.

General San Martin made a brief visit to Buenos Ayres, where I was introduced to him in April, 1817, at the house of his father-in-law, Mr. Escalada. Arrangements had been made for a grand public reception; but this he prevented

by entering the city sooner than he was expected. My journal describes him "as about forty years of age, tall, dark-complexioned, with a Roman nose, and good countenance; dressed in blue, with epaulettes, and pantaloons trimmed with gold lace, and making a fine military appearance." I might have added that he had an eagle eye, more piercing than I had ever seen.

The remnant of the Spanish army retired to Talcahuano, in the southern part of Chili, where they were reinforced by troops from Peru, and in the spring of the following year advanced toward Santiago, the capital, numbering over five thousand. They were met by the Chilian army and the black regiment, in all nearly five thousand, General San Martin being the commander-in-chief, and were entirely defeated, after a severe battle, at Maipu, April 5, 1818. The danger

had been considered so imminent that Captain Biddle had arranged to convoy the American and other vessels out of the harbor of Valparaiso, which was blockaded by Spanish ships of war. I passed several nights on board the *Ontario*, at his kind invitation, for, he said, "You may wake up any morning and find Valparaiso in the possession of the Spanish troops."

General San Martin had long been ardently desirous that Peru should be independent, and now all his energies were directed to the accomplishment of this object. He had command of the army and had great influence with the Argentine and Chilian governments and people. He had a weekly *soirée* at his residence, where the *elite* of Santiago assembled. These gatherings tended greatly to increase the patriotic spirit. Before separating, and when all were standing,

the thrilling and inspiriting national song, *Oid mortales, el grito sagrado*, was sung by the entire group, accompanied by his fine military band, and with an ardor and enthusiasm almost enchanting. Often have I seen him on his daily horseback rides to drill and care for his black regiment, to which he was strongly attached.

At length, after much delay and many efforts, the expedition for Peru embarked at Valparaiso, August 20, 1820, consisting of about five thousand men, thirteen transports and six ships of war, San Martin being commander-in-chief, and the vessels of war being under the command of Admiral Lord Cochrane. General San Martin was aware that in order to liberate Peru the public sentiment must be revolutionized; and the course pursued by him was so popular, and his influence in Peru had become so powerful, and

public sentiment was so greatly changed, that the viceroy found it necessary to leave Lima with his army, and General San Martin entered the city July 12th, 1821, as the liberator of Peru. He wielded great power; and in the many and important changes which had to be made, and in the various delicate and difficult matters to be adjusted, he could not please all parties. There were many ambitious, envious and jealous men, and he was accused not only of being actuated by improper motives, but also of being desirous to make himself a king. And he had a difficulty, as many others had, with Lord Cochrane. In July, 1822, San Martin and Bolivar met in Guayaquil, and were together three days.

At length, in view of all the circumstances of his situation, and with health far from being firm, General San Martin, conscious that he had done everything in

his power for the Argentine Republic, and for Chili and for Peru, resigned his offices in September, 1822, and on the twenty-first of that month sailed in the schooner *Montezuma* for Valparaiso. While in Chili he had a severe illness of several weeks. In February, 1823, he was in Mendoza, and there heard of the death of his wife. Knowing that in South America he could not find the retirement he desired and the repose he needed, he left Buenos Ayres towards the close of 1823, taking with him his daughter Mercedes, his only child, and repaired to Brussels. There he remained about six years, while his daughter was pursuing her studies. She was married in 1830 to Don Mariano Balcarce, of the Argentine Legation in Paris. This estimable lady died February 27th, 1875.

During his protracted residence in Europe, General San Martin employed

much of his time in reading, and "through the loophole of retreat" looked with interest on the busy world. But disease had long preyed upon his stalwart frame, and he repaired to the baths of Boulogne, hoping to be benefited by them. But they did not bring the hoped-for recovery, and he died there August 17, 1850, at the age of seventy-two. He and his intimate and worthy friend, General O'Higgins, received for their services only a bare support, laying aside nothing for the future. But they had the happy consciousness that throughout the whole of their brilliant career they were actuated by a pure patriotism.

Judge Breckenridge, who was connected with the commissioners sent by our Government to South America in the frigate *Congress*, and who was in Buenos Ayres in the early part of 1818, writes thus: "The great man of the country is un-

questionably San Martin. From his youth he possessed a military turn of mind, and he served on the Peninsula as an aide to one of the Spanish generals, and almost from the moment of his return from Spain, had fixed the attention of his countrymen. There are some men who possess an indescribable something which commands confidence and respect. His great application to the duties of his profession, his high character for integrity, prudence and moral rectitude, insured him at once the esteem of the respectable among his fellow-citizens. By foreigners he was still more admired, as being more free from the vices of the creoles, and having the most enlarged and liberal views. In 1813 he was appointed governor of Cuyo, and at the same time was invested with the military command in this quarter. His strict justice and his general deportment

gained the affections of these people. On the conquest of Chili the people of Mendoza, apprehensive of the Spaniards, reposed all their hopes of safety on San Martin, who immediately set to work in organizing an army for their defence, and at the same time secretly cherishing the design of freeing Chili from her enemies. We have seen that his success was complete."

Captain Basil Hall, of the British navy, and a writer of some celebrity, thus writes in one of his volumes: "General San Martin is a tall, erect, well-proportioned, handsome man, with a large, aquiline nose, thick, black hair, and immense, bushy whiskers, extending from ear to ear under his chin; his complexion is deep olive, and his eye, which is large, prominent and piercing, jet black; his whole appearance being highly military. He is thoroughly well-bred, and

unaffectedly simple in his manner; exceedingly cordial and engaging, and possessed evidently of great kindness of disposition; in short, I have never seen any person the enchantment of whose address was more irresistible. When he rose up and began to speak his great superiority over every other person I had seen in South America was sufficiently apparent."

XXIV.—COMMODORE JOHN DOWNES, U. S.
NAVY.

THE frigate *Macedonian*, Captain John Downes, sailed from Boston for the Pacific, September 20, 1818. When a week out she was dismasted in a hurricane, and put into Norfolk October 10th. Having refitted, she left that port November 6th, and arrived at Valparaiso January 28, 1819. It was then that I first met her commander. He was at that time thirty-two, and I was twenty-four. We became well acquainted, and our friendship was uninterrupted and continued until his death, August 11, 1854. He was quick in feeling and action, kind, gentle, but impulsive and passionate; yet

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the gust was soon over, and he was lion and lamb almost at the same moment. He was friendly to me, and I became strongly attached to him. During the two years and more that the *Macedonian* was on the coasts of Chili and Peru, and farther north, he protected our commerce; and as various consular duties devolved on me, sometimes applications were made by the same individuals to him and me. I was agent for the ship and negotiated bills drawn by him on our government for disbursements which he had to make. When he called on the governor or other officials I accompanied him, as he did not speak Spanish. So we were much together, and had frequent consultations on various matters.

Judge Prevost, the confidential agent of our government, was disposed to prevent Captain Downes from receiving compensation for carrying specie from one

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port to another in the frigate ; but I expressed the opinion that it was proper for him to be remunerated for the great care and responsibility connected with this important service. The risk was very great, at that time, in sending treasure in merchant vessels. On his return home, in 1821, in the report of his cruise to the Secretary of the Navy, Captain Downes gave the particulars of all he had carried, and of what had been paid to him. He never heard anything from the Department on the subject, and consequently inferred that his course was approved.

One morning Captain Downes said that his men had been so long in port and idle that he intended to take a sail around Juan Fernandez, and be at sea a week, just to give them exercise. I asked why not go to Coquimbo and call on Mr. Stewart, our consul there ? It would gratify him and other friends there,

and I presumed an American frigate had never been in that harbor. "I will," he said, "if you will go with me." Finding that I could arrange my business for a brief absence, we set sail March 14, 1819, and two days afterwards anchored in the harbor of Coquimbo, at the southern extremity of a spacious bay, and two or three leagues south of the town. We had taken our saddles and bridles, knowing that horses could easily be obtained, and we were soon among our friends, who gave us a cordial reception. The captain and his officers were treated with great attention, and after a charming visit of three or four days, and another pleasant sail, we reached Valparaiso, having been away twelve days. In Coquimbo we met with a young Scotch physician, Doctor R. C. Wyllie, who afterwards was prime minister of the king of the Sandwich Islands.

One day while the *Macedonian* was lying at anchor in Valparaiso, two midshipmen, who had been disputing about some trifling matter, went ashore and fought a duel, and young Abercrombie was killed. His body was brought on board on a plank, and the next day was buried near the White Battery, I think, on the beach. There was, at that time, no place for the interment of Protestants; and some bodies which had been buried at low-water mark were dug up and treated with indignity. In these later days, Protestant worship and burial are tolerated. Captain Downes was grieved at this sad affair, and placed young Gordon under arrest. In answer to my inquiries, he said he did not know what more he could do. The Rev. Doctor Abererombie, an Episcopal clergyman in Philadelphia, got a letter from Commodore Biddle to me, to insure the safe

delivery of one which he enclosed, "from an affectionate father to a dutiful son." But the communication came too late; the son had gone to his long home. There is some consolation in the fact that the foolish and barbarous practice of dueling is much less resorted to now than formerly.

Just after the *Macedonian* returned from a cruise, a little party was about to take a ride, and it was easy to get an invitation from Lady Cochrane for Captain Downes. He took my best horse, which was somewhat spirited; but the rider, by good seamanship or horsemanship, managed to keep from capsizing, and we had an agreeable excursion. This was his first introduction to her ladyship. She was young, genial, a bold rider, fond of picnics, parties, music and dancing.

After we had become pretty well

acquainted, I availed myself of what seemed to be a favorable opportunity, and asked Captain Downes if he was aware that he sometimes made use of words that— “Yes, I am,” he said; “and no one despises the habit more than I. It is vulgar and ungentlemanly; but I have been so much among sailors. I never swear when I am in the company of ladies.” He then expressed his wish to break himself of the habit, and said he would be greatly obliged to me if at any time I should notice an improper expression, that I would remind him of it; and I endeavored to aid him in avoiding unnecessary and undesirable expletives.

It was proposed to have a picnic on the opposite side of the bay, some half a dozen miles from the harbor. The party started in one of the large boats of the *Macedonian*, the sailors being in

their best rig, and a midshipman steering. Passing the frigate the band struck up, and Lady Cochrane said, "O, Captain Downes, if we only had the band with us our arrangements would be complete." The rowers carried us swiftly along, and we supposed the music would soon die away in the distance; but it seemed to follow us, and we discovered that the band was in a boat astern of us, which carried eatables, crockery and sundries. On landing, we repaired to a large house which had been engaged, and where the day was pleasantly spent. Our horses had been sent around the bay, and towards evening we had a pleasant gallop home, "fleet steeds" being needed to keep up with some of the party.

When Lord Cochrane was blockading Callao with three ships of war, it was reported at Valparaiso that he had said he was able to enforce the blockade, and

would not allow the *Macedonian* or any ship-of-war or merchant ship to enter. Captain Downes had previously announced his intention to sail for Callao on a certain day, and when these reports came to him he with difficulty restrained himself, merely remarking that he should leave at the appointed time, and should be happy to take letters, etc. But he said to me, "I will tell *you* my plan. If Cochrane attempts to stop me I shall pour a broadside into him, aiming all my guns to one point, hoping to sink him at once. If I succeed in this I can easily dispose of the other two ships." He sailed on the day set; and on approaching Lord Cochrane's ship the *Macedonian* passed her stern, the two commanders standing on their respective quarter-decks, speaking-trumpets in hand, and Lord Cochrane shouted, "Hope Captain Downes is well." "Thank you; left Lady Cochrane

well, eight days ago." The *Macedonian* then ran under the lee of the other ship, backed her topsails, and Captain Downes sent his first lieutenant to Lord Cochrane, with his compliments. He then filled away and entered the harbor. When the *Macedonian* had anchored, Lord Cochrane sent Captain Forster, his flag-captain, who was his brother-in-law, with his respects to Captain Downes. Captain Forster was somewhat surprised to find that the cabins had been removed and a gun placed wherever there was room for one, and that the men were all at quarters.

After a long cruise to the north the *Macedonian* returned to Valparaiso, and the Chilian fleet was then in port. Immediately after coming to anchor, Captain Downes sent his first lieutenant to Lord Cochrane, admiral and commander of the Chilian Navy, with his respects, and to

say that he would be happy to salute his flag, provided an equal number of guns should be returned. I was in the cabin when Mr. Maury came back and reported that Lord Cochrane would give gun for gun if Captain Downes would assure him that this was always required by our ships. Captain Downes was in a towering passion, and said, "I don't care to salute his flag, and shall give him no such assurance, and will do nothing more about it." Waiting a little for the storm to subside, I said, "You always do require gun for gun, do you not?" "Certainly," said he; "we never salute on any other condition. The English used to return two guns less; but they always give us gun for gun." "Well," I said, "Lord Cochrane can't know this." "Yes, but he ought to know it; and I sha'n't take the trouble to inform him." Things now looked rather squally; and I ventured to

say, "As Lord Cochrane is ignorant of this, and wishes to have the Chilian flag properly respected, would there be any harm in informing him of what is the invariable custom in our navy?" After a pause, "Mr. Maury, go to Lord Cochrane and tell him that we *never* salute without receiving an equal number of guns in return." When Mr. Maury came back the firing began, and before it was over I wished myself away from the noise and smoke of the great guns. We went on shore, and Lord Cochrane soon called on Captain Downes at my office. Everything now was friendly and pleasant.

When the *Macedonian* sailed on her last visit to the North, the chaplain, Mr. Wilson, being much out of health, remained on shore. He became more unwell, and died. There was a beautiful cemetery at Valparaiso, and application to deposit the remains there was made to the principal

ecclesiastic. "Was he a Roman Catholic?" "No," I said; "but he was a Christian minister, and an officer of our Navy." All my statements and arguments were of no avail. The old canon would be most happy to do everything in his power, but the Church allowed burial only to Roman Catholics. I then went to the governor, who most cheerfully offered any grounds over which the Government had control. He stated that the arsenal was their finest public building, and the enclosure was surrounded by a high wall, and thus was free from any danger of molestation. This place was decided on; and Captain Basil Hall, of the British sloop-of-war *Conway*, attended the funeral, with such of his officers as could be spared; and his marines fired a volley over the grave. He had previously sent half a dozen of his sailors, in their blue jackets and white trousers, with spades, to assist in

digging the grave, and in carrying the body. These kind civilities, freely tendered, were highly appreciated and gratefully acknowledged; and the recollection of these friendly attentions has made the reading of his subsequent volumes increasingly pleasant. The commanders of British ships-of-war were uniformly friendly and obliging, rendering every assistance in their power when we had no vessel-of-war in port. And our officers were always ready to do what they could for our English friends.

In March, 1821, the *Macedonian* was to sail for the United States, and as I was ready to return home, Captain Downes gave me a cordial invitation to take passage with him. Thanking him for his kind offer, I stated that, with his leave, I would avail myself of it, commencing at Rio Janeiro, as I wished to cross the Andes and those immense plains,

the *Pampas*, between Mendoza and Buenos Ayres. "You had better get on board here," he said; "I shall be away from Rio before you can get there." I proposed that we should have a race; he to go around, and I to go across. I had to wait a week at Mendoza, some ugly fellows having temporary possession of the road; and at Buenos Ayres a fortnight passed before a vessel sailed for Rio Janeiro, and I began to fear that I might be too late. But the ship was there, having been in port two or three days. I arrived on the fifth of May, a bright and beautiful day. We did not then know that on that day, Napoleon, amid storm and tempest, died at St. Helena, not many hundred miles away.

A week at Rio Janeiro gave us an opportunity to see most that was interesting in the city and vicinity, and we

took our leave of that charming and capacious harbor. We often paced the deck together; and one day, stopping short, he called out angrily to a sailor, "Come here! you, sir." The man approached respectfully, taking off his hat—and the first I knew, down he came on deck, like a log. Picking himself up, he was dismissed with some threatening words. We resumed our walk, and took a few turns in silence. Then, looking at his hand, as if it pained him, he said, "I had no idea that I gave that fellow such a blow. I did it with the flat of my hand. Did you see what he did?" "No," I said. "Why, he took that dog by the ears, and pitched him into the lee scuppers. If his head had struck that gun, it might have killed him. A man can take care of himself, but I cannot bear to see a brute abused." He had two pets, a beautiful Spitz, and a

pretty Portuguese parrot. And the dog and bird were great friends.

We reached Boston June 19, 1821, after a pleasant passage of thirty-seven days. Captain Downes was married in October of that year, at Upper Red Hook, N. Y., to Miss Maria Gertrude Hoffman. He had purchased a beautiful situation in Brighton, Mass., where he resided six years. Being ordered to the Mediterranean, he removed his family to Chestnut street, Boston. He sailed from Annapolis in February, 1828, in command of the *Delaware* 74, taking Charles Bonaparte and family, who were landed at Leghorn. Leaving the 74, he took command of the frigate *Java*, and visited quite a number of ports. He was at Scio after the Turks had made such terrible havoc there, and wrote of the fightings between the Russians and Greeks, and the Ottomans. He made an excursion to Rome

and Florence, and would have traveled awhile in France, but for serious disturbances with French sailors at Toulon. He had a set of Scott's Bible; and he and his family, and my family, commenced at the same time and read a chapter every day in course. This little concert brought our thoughts together day by day, and he wrote, "Since the first day of January, I have continued to read daily one chapter, with the notes and practical observations; and with God's permission I shall continue to do so to the end of the book. No one can read the Bible without feeling that he is the better for it. You wish me to be spiritually minded. I have the wish and the physical power, but not the moral power to the extent that I desire. This is a subject upon which I can feel, but not reason." His term of service in the Mediterranean having expired, he sailed for

Boston, arriving there January 15, 1830.

In May, 1831, he was appointed as commodore to the command of the frigate *Potomac*, and of our naval forces in the Pacific. He was first to proceed to England with Mr. Van Buren, our minister, and his suite. With this view, the frigate came from Washington to New York, in July. But just then news came of the seizure of the ship *Friendship* of Salem, and of a wanton outrage on the lives and property of certain American citizens at Quallah Battoo, on the Island of Sumatra, February 7th. Fresh instructions were then given. The visit to England was abandoned, and the *Potomac* sailed from New York August 24, and arrived at Quallah Battoo, February 5, 1832. Of the transactions there, the commodore gave a very full account to the secretary of the Navy, and he adds: "I felt the full weight of my responsibility, and

even a painful anxiety to merit the approbation and meet the reasonable expectations of my country. The task was neither light nor easy of execution. All the intercourse I had with the natives, while lying at Soosoo, confirmed me in the correctness of the course adopted; and also, that the chastisement inflicted on Quallah Battoo, though severe, was unavoidable and just; and that it will be the means of giving security to our commerce, if not permanent, at least for a long time to come."

Leaving Sumatra, the *Potomac* passed the Strait of Sunda, and on the way from Batavia to Macao, Mr. Oliver, the commodore's private secretary, died May 2d. In this connection, it may be stated that in October the commodore sent to me from Valparaiso \$238.76, the avails of books, etc., to be paid to Mr. Oliver's sister; and he wrote:

"Feeling well assured that any measure

having charity for its object would receive your cheerful aid, I have taken the liberty to send you two thousand two hundred and eleven dollars, a donation from the officers and crew of the *Potomac*, for the education, and as far as may be absolutely necessary, for the support of the smaller children of Mr. Oliver. I have to request that you and Mr. Cordis will make such disposition of it as in your judgment will most contribute to the good of the children it is intended to aid." I wrote to him March 2, 1833, that I had paid Miss Oliver, and added, " You judged rightly in regard to my willingness to aid, so far as may be in my power, in carrying into effect the praiseworthy efforts of yourself and your officers and crew, for the benefit of Mr. Oliver's family; and the gratification thus afforded me is much increased, because what I may do in the matter is in accordance with your wishes, and in connection with

your benevolent designs. I have conversed very fully with Thomas Cordis, Henry K. Oliver of Salem — the uncle and guardian of the children — with Moses Grant, and other judicious friends. Miss Oliver has charge of the children, and the investment and interest will allow of an annual appropriation of three hundred dollars for eight or nine years, when the youngest child will be eleven or twelve years old. We all regard this liberal provision from the *Potomac* as a special interposition of Providence, without which we cannot see how the children could be provided for; because although various relatives and friends are willing to do much, they would not feel able to do all that seems necessary. There is something novel and extremely gratifying in this generous contribution on board of a single ship. It seems as if it had been skimmed from the ocean, and it comes down upon these orphan

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children like a rich blessing from the skies, to save them from want, to contribute to their support, and to aid very materially in fitting them for usefulness in the world." To this the commodore replied as follows:

"*CALLAO, November 4, 1833.*

"Your more than friendly letter of March 2, acknowledging the receipt of the money sent home from this ship for the small children of the late Mr. Oliver, and describing the disposition made of it, was in the highest degree satisfactory to the donors. When I had your communication read to the ship's company, the effect was surprising; and if I had stated that the poor little children required another donation of the same amount, I believe it would most cheerfully have been made."

Several years later an article ap-

peared in the *Boston Journal*, headed "An Orphan's Fund," written, I presume, by our old and valued friend, Captain John S. Sleeper. It was as follows:

"When the frigate *Potomac* left the United States, under the command of Commodore Downes, on a voyage of circumnavigation in 1831, a well-known and esteemed citizen of Boston, Mr. N. K. G. Oliver, was induced by ill-health to embark in the frigate, filling the office of secretary to the commodore. His health, however, continued to decline, and he died in the East Indies. By his amiable character and pleasing manners, he gained the esteem and favor of the officers and crew; and on its being stated by the commodore that Mr. Oliver had left a young family in straitened circumstances, a subscription was got up, and the amount subscribed for their relief by the generous-hearted tars was two thousand two hundred and

eleven dollars. This amount was remitted by Commodore Downes to a friend in this city, to be expended by him as his judgment might dictate, for the education and towards the support of the younger children of Mr. Oliver. The money was duly received, and the trust was accepted and faithfully executed, as will be seen by the following extract of a letter which is now before us, dated November 5, 1840, addressed to Commodore John Downes, and which extract it is deemed desirable to publish, that the generous contributors to the fund may know that the money was judiciously applied to the purpose for which it was intended; the whole amount expended, both principal and interest, being \$2718.30."

The extract reads thus: "Payments have been made quarterly, during a period of nearly eight years, the last having been made this day; and it is gratifying to

know that the desirable object for which the generous gift of the officers and crew of the *Potomac* was bestowed has been fully realized. It is pleasant also to me to find that no part of the investment has been diminished by any loss, and that every dollar which remained unexpended has been gaining interest every day. I ought to add, as I previously stated to you, that the whole amount has been appropriated in accordance with the judgment and wishes of Mr. Cordis. I have already exhibited to you the vouchers for the payment of a part of the amount, and I now submit for your inspection the vouchers for the balance, with the book containing the accounts."

After Mr. Oliver's decease the *Potomac* visited Macao, Lintin, and various places in the China Sea, and was at Honolulu in July and August. The commodore writes: "I remained at Oahu twenty-four

days, and attended church every Sabbath. It was highly gratifying to see an attentive and orderly congregation of about three thousand persons, composed of those who a few years since worshipped idols. I was much pleased with the ladies and gentlemen of the mission; and the intercourse between them and the officers of my ship was most friendly."

He was at Tahiti in September, and wrote from Valparaiso, in October, that since leaving home he had been at sea three hundred and two days, and had sailed upwards of thirty-seven thousand miles. He was for some months afterwards on the coasts of Chili and Peru, and in August wrote thus from Callao :

"I cannot but feel that this ship and her crew have experienced the peculiar care of a kind and overruling Providence. When I look back to the dangerous seas we have traversed, the

coasts lined with coral reefs and other hidden dangers, the ports we have been in—two of them; Bantam and Batavia, among the most sickly—that we have circumnavigated the globe, and have been in every clime from forty-one degrees north latitude to forty-two degrees south, that we have crossed the equator five times, experiencing every vicissitude of weather and wind, from cold to heat, and from calms to heavy gales—and yet, that with all these exposures the ship has not suffered the slightest injury, and not a man has been lost or seriously injured—and that we have had upwards of seventy cases of small-pox, and not one fatal; I say, when I reflect on all this, and that my dear son was restored from a pestilential and deadly fever, my heart overflows with gratitude to God for his great goodness and mercy."

The *Potomac* sailed from Valparaiso in

February, 1834, and arrived in Boston May 23d; and quite a volume was published, giving the particulars of her cruise.

Commodore Downes had charge of the Navy Yard at Charlestown from 1836 to 1842, and again from 1848 to 1851. He then purchased a house in Mount Vernon street, Charlestown, where he resided until his decease, August 11, 1854. A few days previous to this event I called at his residence, and meeting Bishop Eastburn in the parlor, we went up into the chamber together. Sitting down by the bedside, and taking the hand of our friend, the bishop said: "Commodore, I must speak to you, just as I would to any other poor sinner; we are all poor sinners, and our only hope is in and through our Lord and Saviour Jesus Christ." Various other faithful and affectionate words were added; two or three verses of hymns were also repeated, such as *Rock of Ages*, and *There*

is a Fountain, and the bishop kneeled at the bedside and offered a fervent and appropriate prayer. One could hardly fail to be drawn to the good bishop by his friendly and fitting words; and it was a privilege to be, as it seemed, "quite on the verge of Heaven." In this parting scene there was an alleviation in the reflection that in the thirty-five years of a somewhat close and intimate friendship no unpleasant word had ever passed between us. Mrs. Downes died February 22, 1877; a most amiable and excellent lady. More than once has the commodore said, "What a mercy that I have such a wife! When I flare up, if she were to speak we might have a breeze. But she waits a moment—and the storm is over." Neither of their four sons is now living. Two of them were named for me; a weakness which perhaps I ought not to expose. A daughter and several grandchildren survive.

XXV.— WILLIAM GRENVILLE GRAHAM.

THE subject of this sketch, as a young man, was among the most brilliant, accomplished and popular. His career was sadly romantic and his end tragical.

Graham was born in Catskill, N. Y., early in 1793, I think, and was nearly two years older than I. He was a noble, beautiful boy, naturally graceful, affectionate, generous, talented, but impulsive, venturesome, daring. If the ice was thin, he would be likely to get a wetting; and if anything questionable was undertaken, he would be found among the foremost. We lived near each other, were in the same class at school, and were together almost every day.

In school he played much of the time, and frequently teased those who sat near him. He was very adroit in escaping the observation of the teacher, but was sometimes detected, and reprimanded or punished. A few minutes before reciting, he would give close attention to the lesson, and would then recite better than any of us. Although often mischievous, there was so much about him that was pleasing and fascinating, that he was beloved by his school-fellows, and indeed by almost all who knew him.

My father often took us with him in his yacht, and taught us how to manage a boat. But once, on a "raw and gusty day," Graham and I got into an ill-constructed craft, and had not sailed far, beating against a furious northwest wind, when a heavy blow partially capsized our boat, which at once filled with water, and being heavily ballasted with stone, sunk

like lead. He, in his spring suit, swam for the opposite shore; and as Judge Cantine, a very tall man, rushed into the water, and was about to reach him, Graham said, "Never mind me; go for Harry." I was in the middle of the creek, and being encumbered with my winter clothing, feared that I could hardly swim to either shore; so I just kept myself above water, hoping that some men who were at work in the shipyard would see me and come to my rescue in a boat lying at the wharf. And they came.

Graham wrote to me from England, September 3, 1816: "You were better instructed by precept, and better guided by example. You were rigidly brought up at home, and taught the use and manner of self-management betimes." It may, therefore, be proper to allude to his father, Joseph Graham, who was fine-looking and gentlemanly, who could swear genteelly,

and who, so far as I know, never entered a house of worship while residing in Catskill. He had a store, built a fine brick house, which was handsomely furnished, lived well, and failed. Calling his creditors together, he placed good wine on the table, and said, "Drink freely, gentlemen, the wine is your own." His spirited horse he called "Borak," and he used to speak of my father, with whom he had some business transactions, as "*Bon homme Richard.*" Removing to New York, he kept a very popular boarding-house, No. 88 Pearl street; and he became a changed man, and joined Doctor Romeyn's (Presbyterian) Church.

At an early age, perhaps fourteen, Graham entered Union College, Schenectady, but did not complete his course there, being obliged to leave, in consequence of some misconduct. After studying awhile in New Haven, Conn.,

he went to New York, where his parents then resided, and commenced the study of the law in the office of Barent Gardener. He was now in a situation of great temptation. Young, handsome, inexperienced, with high spirits, gay and buoyant, and without sufficient judgment or religious principle to restrain him, he associated with the gay and fashionable, frequented the theatre, and indulged in various amusements and dissipations, while giving many hours to study. His course and mine were now so diverse that I never called upon him, and we seldom met.

Once he made me a very friendly call, and said he was soon to be out on some public occasion, perhaps as one of the governor's aides, and that his boots were to be brushed every day for a week without being used; and on the day of the parade, they were to be

polished six times, and his other preparations were to be on the same scale. This was the way he sometimes talked. I presume he spared neither pains nor expense, and that few if any made a finer appearance than he. In reply to my inquiries, he acknowledged some of his irregularities, and said that he was often with the sons of rich men, who spent money more freely than he could; but that he must do as they did, and that if they called for wine, he must.

His father made him a liberal allowance, but it was not sufficient for his extravagances; and I suppose it to be true that he was detained at a bank in Philadelphia, where he presented a forged check for payment. By the influence of Gardenier and other friends, he was released; and not long after I met him on John street, New York. This was in March, 1812. "Well, Harry," he said,

"I am going to sea as hand before the mast, in a vessel bound for France. You have, no doubt, heard reports about me, but you have too much confidence in me to believe them. They pass me as the wind, unheeded by." I remember, as if it were yesterday, his fine form and graceful attitude as he was standing on the sidewalk.

The vessel in which he sailed was captured under the "Orders in Council," and sent, I think, into Plymouth. There, and afterwards in London, under great disadvantages, he earned a scanty support by his pen. He was taken sick, and suffered from illness and privation. I understood that Mr. Burdon, a barrister, a gentleman of fortune and a philanthropist, was interested in some of his productions, and sought him out, and got from him a narrative of his life.

Learning that he had studied law, Mr.

Burdon asked him if he would like to pursue that study, provided he were in circumstances favorable for it, and Graham replied that he should. "Well," said Mr. Burdon, "if I should place you in such circumstances, where you would have every advantage, with your expenses paid, and without any remuneration on your part, would you accept of such an offer?" Graham thanked him for his kindness, but said he could not accept such an offer on such terms. Mr. Burdon left him, and some of Graham's friends told him he was very foolish, as Mr. Burdon would be gratified in aiding him in this way.

Mr. Burdon called on him again and renewed his offer, which Graham accepted. He was taken into the family of Mr. Burdon, who afterward sent him to Trinity College, Cambridge, where I passed a day with him in March, 1816.

He was well dressed, had pleasant

apartments, and taking some Bank of England notes from his pocket, "You see," said he, "that Mr. Burdon does not leave me without money." He said he had taken leave of his boyish follies, and was now steady and studious.

A few months later, September 3, 1816, he wrote to me from Hartford House, Northumberland County, Mr. Burdon's country seat, and the following extracts are from his closely written letter of eleven pages :—

"I waited with much impatience for the letter you promised me on our parting at Cambridge. Since my arrival in the North I received, near the end of June, your letter of March, dated Glasgow. I never think of America without digressing from local impressions to those who made time and place and life itself valuable. It is not seldom that in my dreams I visit my native land; mark the strength of

boyish impressions. I oftener dwell on the charms of my little native village than on those later and more important scenes which gave a cast to my character and fixed my future destiny. It would not be difficult to account for this. At Catskill my life was certainly as happy as that of a schoolboy can be. Restraint from play and the labors of the school were the extent of my sufferings, and I do not know any purer and more innocent pleasures than those I enjoyed. On this subject the pencil of memory pictures more than a representation of self. It sketches the companions and friends of my early years, the scenes of my wanderings, and the diversions of my boyhood.

"I call to mind all the places where I used to idle away my hours. You may have forgotten them; you have been nearest them; you have had no call to remember them; I am at a meas-

ureless distance, and may, perhaps, never revisit them. I often retrace them to keep their impressions firm on my mind. It is a dizzy sort of a recollection, in which one loses the mastery of one's self. Whenever I begin this task a train of association is started which possesses me a long time, and imparts a painful kind of pleasure. I run over the names of my playmates, even to the obscurest, and mentally repeat the most trifling of my actions. I recollect the first day we ever tried our nautical skill in the *Nonpareil*; and also that day which was like to be our last, when we were nearly lost together by the sinking of our boat; of our boat races, when the Livingston boat could show her stern to the Mail-boat; but I held you a 'better tug' in Bob, the rigger's. Poor Bob! he was a fellow of infinite jest.' I shall never forget the whippings I have experienced for tarring my clean clothes, when I was

the voluntary and eager adjunct of his labors; nor the jealousies he excited so often between us by his praises of our respective excellences in *passing ball*. Alas! never more will he set up a *lanyard* or fit a *bobstay*. ‘Death has broached him to.’

* * * * *

“I know how early all those peculiar and engaging traits departed from me. A sort of precociousness, of which coercion, not nature, was manifestly the cause, and the concession of some talent excited an ambition for honors I had not, in truth, the abilities to deserve, and certainly not the industry to acquire. I fell then into a habit of obtaining by indirect means what I could not by indolence. A tolerable memory, superficial information and a considerable share of confidence enabled me to get a reputation which, in justice, belonged only to extensive acquirements

and solid thought. I am speaking of the latter period of youth. That time is maturity *in little*. It has the same aspirations of ambition, the same jealousies of rivals, the same airy dreams and impracticable projects. I was flung too early into the bustle and turmoil of life. I had never learned the necessity or been taught the method of self-government. When temptations thicken round, and passion prompts, and there is no monitor to check, that is no time for boys to play the philosopher. I am sure I had never the inclination or art of inflicting on myself a rigid discipline. But I am feeling the injury now. I feel the weakness of relaxed mental powers, and the satiety and selfishness of one who has lived out a life, and who has learnt the fallacies of promise and the disappointments of hope. You had from your earliest age the advantage of me in these particulars. You were better instructed by precept and

better guided by example. You were rigidly brought up at home, and taught the use and manner of self-management betimes. Hence you had it not to learn at a later and more difficult period, 'when the high blood ran frolic through the veins.' * * *

"You could not be nearly so much gratified as I was at our meeting in Cambridge. You were all America to me. I stood before you a simple individual. You were the *nucleus* round which thronged home, and kindred, and friends, and early pleasures in dear and rapid succession; and I in return could scarcely awaken feeling or excite pleasure. My mind was wrought into an unusual state of tension. You left me and the strings relaxed and the sounds were duller than usual. I did not recover myself for some days. It was a rare event to me. Since I have left America I have not seen any one with whom my acquaint-

ance had been very intimate. Perhaps, out of my own family, there was no one with whom my friendship had begun so soon and continued so long. You were he whom infantile friendship had linked to my side, and whom I had thought distance had disjoined forever. It was rolling back the sands of the hour-glass; it was living again the sands of life. * * *

“I shall always feel a more than common interest in all that concerns America. I feel gratitude that she cradled me and love for the many dear objects she holds. I am not insensible to the obligation which her protection of liberty and her regard for the rights and dignity of human nature imposes. I am afraid, however, that England and America will never cordially agree. There is jealousy on this side; there is fear on the other. With the jealousy is mingled scorn;

with the fear, hatred. The pride of Great Britain has been humbled by a double discomfiture; the ambition of America instigated by a repeated triumph.

* * *

“You must bear with my prolixity. Let its infrequency be pleaded in mitigation of the offence. I am sure, if you repeat it, you will find a mild judge. You may fill me a volume without any fear of wearying attention or wasting time. There is nothing more pleasing to me than to hang upon the letters of those I regard, and to which there is scarce any occupation I would not relinquish. I beseech you, then, write me a letter that may deserve your American epithet, ‘lengthy.’”

Soon after receiving the letter from which the foregoing extracts are made, I went to South America, and I do not recollect hearing anything from Graham

till April, 1826. I then passed through New York on my way to Catskill, and found that he had called on my friends Palmer and Hamilton, and inquired for me. I wrote a line to him, and received a letter May 2d, in which he says:

“I did not get your letter till some days after its date; otherwise I should have answered it while you were at Catskill. I shall be exceedingly delighted to see you. Since my father’s death, you are the oldest acquaintance I have, and the earliest events of my life are connected with you. The feelings of general respect and of boyish friendship are thus rendered still more intense by such a condition. My visit to the United States was more the effect of caprice than of reason, and I had purposed long before this to have returned to England. But I will not write a letter when I trust I shall see you in a few hours.”

We dined together at Niblo's, and I saw him at his room, where I had a serious conversation with him in regard to his spiritual interests, and the importance of being prepared for the future before us. He expressed his full belief in the Christian religion, and stated that he had read the Bible with great attention within a year or two, and at one time had thought of taking orders. Perceiving my incredulity, he handed me a book intended for those who were looking forward to the ministry, and said, "Look at that." The lines in pencil, on the margin and at the bottom of many of the pages, showed that he had bestowed much thought upon it. But he said he could not force religion upon himself, and made the usual excuses for neglecting present duty.

In October, 1827, the American Board of Missions met in New York, and I

sent him a line proposing that we should dine together; and I received from him the following note in reply: "I am forcibly engaged to dine with our consul, the British consul, to-day at four, with a recent importation of my English friends, or I would gladly come to eat with you. Where can I call? I am living at No. 57 Franklin street, and shall be very glad to see you."

While dining at Niblo's the same day, he came and sat by me, and we had a long conversation. He was at this time assisting Major Noah in editing the *New York Inquirer*, and wrote a number of articles which were read with much interest. Some of his pieces were on "Good Society." I spoke to him of the importance of aiming to be useful, and expressed my desire that he should strive to exert a beneficial influence and be ambitious to do good. "Oh," said he,

"that would be hard work." He told me that he was often much depressed, and found it necessary to drink a great deal of brandy.

A few weeks after this, when playing cards with young Barton of Philadelphia, a hasty word was followed by a blow, then a challenge, a duel, and a fatal shot. While returning in a boat from Hoboken, he said he was in great pain, and died before reaching New York. There were many interesting particulars given by Major Noah, but none of them are in my possession.

And this is all I know of my poor friend Graham, whose influence all the way through life was injurious to society. If he had been favored with Christian precept and example in the family, he might have been a blessing to the world.

His history should be a warning to

those who may be exposed to the temptations to which he yielded, to his ruin.

In the *London Monthly Magazine* there was an extended and highly interesting sketch from the pen of William Charles Macready, the tragedian. This article was copied in the *New York Albion*, and then in the *New York Evening Post* of April 4, 1828. In that sketch it is stated that Graham had for years been addicted to gambling, to an almost incredible extent, and that his visit to this country was occasioned by a fraudulent attempt to obtain money to repair his losses.

In *Macready's Reminiscences* it is mentioned that he and Graham boarded together in London in 1817.

XXVI.— WILLIAM CHARLES MACREADY.

SOME time ago I took from a library *Macready's Reminiscences*, expecting to find some mention of my schoolmate Graham. There are two brief notices of him, from which it appears that in 1817 they boarded together in London; and in 1826, Graham, when about to fight a duel with Ugo Foscolo, called to ask his friend Macready to be his second. I was much more interested in the book than I expected to be.

William Charles Macready was born March 3, 1793, and left the stage in 1851, when he retired to Sherborne, removing in 1860 to Cheltenham, where he died April 27, 1873. He had a

good education, read many books in different languages, and made every possible effort to excel in his profession. He succeeded, and ranked, perhaps, with Garrick, Mrs. Siddons, Kean, the Kembles and Talma. He had friends among the most celebrated authors, and among the most distinguished men in England and on the Continent and in this country. Yet he may not have met many of our ministers and laymen and women who are esteemed as the excellent of the earth. He visited this country three times, and performed in many of our principal cities. In May, 1849, there was a riot at the theatre in Astor Place, New York, and it is said that seventeen men were killed, and Macready barely escaped with his life. The disturbance was attributed to Forrest, who thought Macready was his enemy, and had done much to injure him.

Mr. Macready did a great deal to improve the stage; but efforts in this direction are often unsuccessful. It would seem that he was naturally impulsive, high-spirited and imperious. In his diaries he severely condemns himself, mourns over his failings, and records many prayers for himself and his family. He must have been a very kind and affectionate husband and father, and gave much time and effort for the benefit of his children, of whom he had eight or more. He acquired a handsome fortune, and made numerous gifts. After retiring from the stage he did much in the way of lectures, evening schools and personal exertions for the instruction and elevation of the people in his neighborhood. Though a worldly man, he was quite religious in his way, often attending church and reading prayers in his family. In his diaries there is much that is

serious and instructive; and the last legible entries, written with a trembling hand, are "God be merciful to me a sinner," and, "Lord, I believe, help thou my unbelief."

Sir Frederick Pollock was one of his particular friends and his executor, and edited this volume, which contains a number of very interesting letters from Macready to him and to Lady Pollock.

The following is from the *London Quarterly*:

"Macready survived his retirement from the stage more than twenty-two years, which he spent first at Sherborne, and afterwards at Cheltenham, where he died on the twenty-seventh of April, 1872. It was his fate to see many of his 'dear ones laid in earth.' His wife and most of his children preceded him to the grave. He married most happily a second time in 1860. Removed from the stage and its

jealousies, all his fine qualities had freer scope; and we think now with pleasure of his venerable and noble head, as we saw it in 1872, and of the sweet smile of his beautiful mouth, which spoke of the calm wisdom of a gentle and thoughtful old age. We have reason to know that he looked back with yearning fondness to the studies and pursuits which had made him famous. The fretful jealousies, the passionate willfulness of the old times seemed to have faded into the dim past, and no longer marred the memory of kindness done and loyal service rendered to him. He had done much good in the sphere which Providence had assigned him, and we believe had learned to know that it was not for him to repine, if 'the divinity that shapes our ends' had so shaped his that his work was to be accomplished upon the stage. It is of the man as we then

saw him, the man whom we had known as a highly cultivated and essentially kind-hearted gentleman, that we would rather think, than of the actor with all his weakness cruelly laid bare."

George Henry Lewes, in his *Actors, and the Art of Acting*, London, 1875, speaks of Macready as a man of talent so marked and individual that it approached very near to genius; who achieved greatness by incessant study. The remark that "people generally over-rate an actor's genius and under-rate his trained skill," applies with peculiar force to Macready, who, according to Mr. Lewes, "would have made an excellent clergyman or member of Parliament; but there is absolutely no evidence that he could have made such a figure either in the Church or Senate as would compare with that which he made upon the stage."

XXVII.—A RETROSPECT.

JANUARY 10, 1884.

IT has been said that octogenarians are in the latitude of second childhood. As I this day complete my eighty-ninth year, and as these lines may interest only a few friends, I hope their kind feelings will enable them to “pass my imperfections by,” and to excuse the egotism.

After my return from abroad in 1821, my friend and former partner, Mr. Lynch, to whom I was strongly attached, wrote to me from Lima, urging me to join with him in establishing a mercantile house in that city. Other friends advised me to do so, but my wife and I were seeking for treasure which could not be found in

Peru. She was endeavoring to raise a thousand dollars for foreign missions, and I was assisting her in that laudable undertaking. This and my desire that missionaries should be sent to South America, led to a correspondence with Mr. Evarts and Doctor Anderson, and to an acquaintance with other friends of missions. In 1822 I became treasurer of the American Board of Commissioners for Foreign Missions; so continued till 1854. For eleven years I was a member of the Prudential Committee of that Board; nearly nine years I was Treasurer of the American Tract Society, Boston. I have now complied with a daughter's request for reminiscences, and at the suggestion of friends, some copies of "Recollections" have been printed.

The following letter, written nearly thirty years ago, refers to an Institution with which it has been one of the greatest privileges of my life to be connected.

Boston, Sept. 12, 1854.

HON. THEODORE FRELINGHUYSEN,
President of the A. B. C. F. M.

DEAR SIR:—Having nearly reached the age of sixty, and having held the office of Treasurer thirty-two years, I would inform the Board through you, that I respectfully decline a re-election. This decision, made after mature deliberation, I communicated last year to the Prudential Committee, in order that they might have ample time for such measures as they might deem proper in regard to my successor. It seemed to me that I could in no way, perhaps, render a greater service to the Board, than by aiding in the selection of some one to succeed me; by assisting him as far as might be in my power, in becoming familiar with the duties of the office; and by giving him, from time to time, such information as I may possess in regard to various matters of business which are now in progress. On these subjects I have long since conversed with the members of the Committee individually, and also with the Secretaries. It was my privilege to mention to the Committee, many months ago, a gentleman whom we believe to be qualified for the situation about to be made vacant, and whom they will recommend to the Board.

I trust I feel truly grateful to the Lord that I have been permitted for so many years to serve the Board as Treasurer, with health almost uninterrupted, and with the privilege of attending every annual meeting; and, also for the confidence and harmony and affection which have subsisted without interruption, between the Committee and the Secretaries and myself. If my services have been at all useful, it is owing in no small measure

to the counsel and aid which they have so cheerfully afforded me. Their unnumbered acts of kindness and friendship have laid me under obligations to them which I can never forget. For these and for assistance rendered to me most freely in many ways, I have made to them my most sincere and grateful acknowledgements. Greatly also have I been aided by the receiving agents, by individuals employed at the Missionary house, and by many other friends of missions. To our missionaries I feel grateful for the disposition so uniformly manifested to be satisfied with my endeavors to serve them.

When my connection with the Board commenced, in the year 1822, the annual receipts were not far from \$30,000, and the whole amount which had been received during the previous twelve years was something over \$300,000, and the whole amount of receipts from the beginning has been considerably more than six millions of dollars.

Allow me to state that the salary which I have received, deducting the donations I have had the privilege to make to the Board, has been, on an average, less than \$1400 a year. I have often been kindly urged to receive more; but this has not been necessary, as I have had an income on property acquired previously to my connection with the Board.

Although my present official relation to the Board is about to cease, I trust my interest in its concerns will suffer no diminution. So far from this, it is my prayer that while life shall last, I may be allowed, in various ways, to participate in the efforts of this favored Institution to extend the blessings of the gospel in heathen lands.

A female connected with the Gaboon mission, on her

death-bed, gave to the Board what she had in the Savings Bank, about fifty dollars, "as a dying thank-offering for having had the privilege of laboring thirteen years on the shores of Western Africa." With the same spirit as I would hope, and in testimony of my continued confidence and interest, the Board will please accept the enclosed donation, which I also make as a thank-offering that I have been so long allowed to serve the Board as its Treasurer.

I am, dear sir,
Yours, respectfully and affectionately,
HENRY HILL.

NEW PUBLICATIONS.

THE OLD OAKEN BUCKET. By Samuel Woodworth. Quarto Holiday edition. Boston: D. Lothrop & Co. Price \$1.50. Of all the illustrated quarto presentation books yet issued, this is by all odds the most artistic and tasteful. The art of the designer, engraver and printer has in turn been exhausted to bring it as near perfection as possible. The drawings are from the skilful pencil of Miss Humphrey, and represent her best work. The engraving is by W. N. Closson, whose reputation in that line is equal to that of any other man in the country, and the printing is from new type on heavy paper with broad margins and gilt edges. In general style and binding the volume is uniform with *The Ninety and Nine*, *Drifting*, etc.

THE STORY OF FOUR ACORNS. By Alice B. Engle. Ill. Boston: D. Lothrop & Co. Price \$1.00. Children who like fairy stories will find in this handsome volume a fountain of delight. The author possesses rare talent for interesting the young, and has here turned it to the best advantage. She has furnished a fascinating story, and has ingeniously woven into it bits of poetry and song from famous authors which will find easy entrance into the mind and create an appetite for more. The illustrations are among Miss Lathbury's best, and do their part toward making the volume attractive.

A capital idea is represented in the new book, *Historic Pictures*, suggested by the success of last season's volume, *Write Your Own Stories*. It consists of a collection of pictures illustrating places and events of historic interest, thirty in number, with three blank pages after each picture, which are to be utilized by the boys and girls in writing an account of the incidents which have made the various places famous. The publishers offer a series of cash prizes for competitors, the lists to remain open until July 1, 1882. The one who sends the best series of stories or historical descriptions of the pictures, will receive \$25.00; the author of the second best, \$15.00, and the third in point of excellence, \$10.00.

NEW PUBLICATIONS.

THE LORD'S PURSEBEARERS. By Hesba Stretton. Boston: D. Lothrop & Co. Price \$1.25. The name of Hesba Stretton is too well known in English literature to render it necessary to make special commendation of any work from her pen. No writer of religious fiction stands higher in England, and there is not a Sunday-school library where some one of her volumes may not be found. She has the faculty of entertaining and instructing at the same time. The present publishers have made special arrangements with her for the production in this country of her latest work, and the probabilities are that all her future books will bear their imprint. In *The Lord's Pursebearers* the author draws a terrible picture of life among the vicious poor in London streets, and shows by what shifts the professional beggars and thieves of the great Babylon manage to live and thrive on the misplaced charity of the pitying well-to-do population. She arouses a strong feeling of sympathy for the children who are bred in the haunts of vice, and who are instructed in crime before they are old enough to know the meaning of the word. The story is one of intense interest, and the characters, especially those of old Isaac Chippendell, his granddaughter Joan, and little Lucky, are forcibly drawn. One can hardly believe that such places exist or that such deeds are perpetrated as are here described, but one who is familiar with London and its streets knows that they are no exaggerations. The volume is illustrated.

THE AFTERGLOW OF EUROPEAN TRAVEL. By Adelaide L. Harrington. Boston: D. Lothrop & Co. Price \$1.50. This pleasant record of experiences abroad will delight those who have gone over the same ground, as well as those who have never strayed beyond the bounds of their own country. It is not a connected story of travel, but consists of reminiscences and descriptions of various spots and objects which *made the deepest and most lasting impression upon the writer.*

NEW PUBLICATIONS.

ORIGINALITY. By Elias Nason. Boston: D. Lothrop & Co. Price \$50. Mr. Nason has here made a reply to Wendell Phillips' "Lost Arts," which is well worth reading for its point and suggestiveness. He endeavors to show the meaning of the word, and what important results have come from the originating powers of a few bright men since the beginning of civilization. He takes up, one by one, the points made by Mr. Phillips in his famous lecture, and shows on what slight grounds they rest, and of how little weight they really are when examined and analyzed. Mr. Nason does not believe that any of the useful arts have been lost. The ancients had few to lose. They made glass, but they did not know how to use it. They could embalm dead bodies; but of what use were embalmed dead bodies? They had some knowledge of mathematics, but a school-boy's arithmetic to-day contains more mathematical knowledge than has come out of all the exhumed cities of the Orient. There were more marvels of art displayed at the Centennial exhibition than in the ancient world for twenty centuries. Mr. Nason insists that the æsthetical productions of the ancients have been vastly over-estimated. The periods of Demosthenes," he says, "yield in Titanic force to the double-compact sentences of Daniel Webster. Mr. Phillips himself has sometimes spoken more eloquently than Cicero. Homer never rises to the sublimity of John Milton." The world grows wiser and better. Age by age, it has been developing its resources and adding pearl to pearl to the diadem of its wisdom; sometimes slower, sometimes quicker, but always upward and onward. Mr. Nason writes in a fresh and sparkling style, and the thousands who have listened with rapt attention to Mr. Phillips' eloquent presentation of his side of the question will find equal pleasure and greater profit in reading this charming essay, which is equally eloquent and unquestionably sounder in its conclusions.

THE LIFE AND WRITINGS OF CHARLES DICKENS. By Phoebe A. Hanaford. Boston: D. Lothrop & Co. Price \$1.50. A life of Dickens, written by a popular author and upon a new plan, will be sure to meet with favor at the hands of the public. Mrs. Hanaford has not attempted to write a critical and original analysis of the great author from her own point of view, but, while sketching the main incidents of his life, has quoted liberally from his works to illustrate his genius, and from the correspondence and writings of his personal friends to show the estimation in which he was held by them as a man, a philanthropist and a Christian. The volume commends itself to every lover of Dickens, and deserves to be widely known and read.

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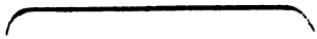
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